

# THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

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NINETEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1899.

NO. 13.

## HEMP SEED.

Those farmers expecting to grow hemp this season will find it to their interest to write me before purchasing their seed. I have on hand Cultivated Hemp Seed grown from seed imported from China in 1893.

W. J. LOUGHRISE,  
(jan-2mo) LEXINGTON, KY.

## G. N. PARRIS.

DEALER IN

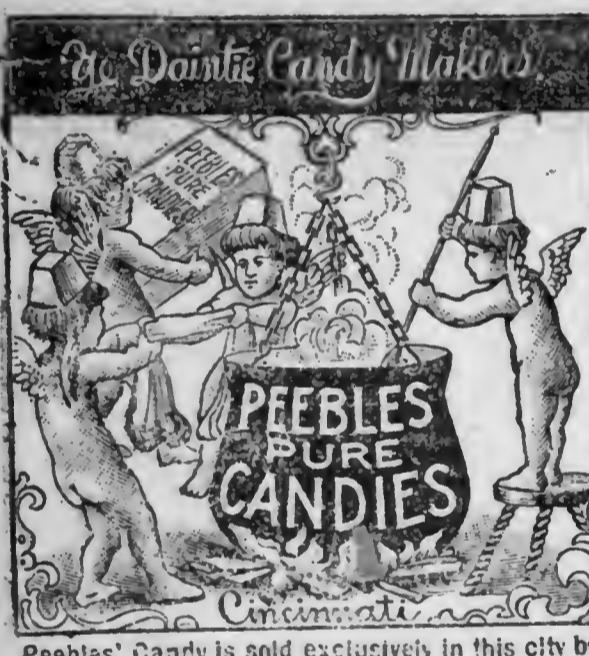
## Groceries and Fruits,

MAIN STREET.

OPPOSITE EXPRESS OFFICE.

No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.



ALWAYS DAINTY The work of bright, young girls under the direction of skilled men, in surroundings as clean as a parlor, make it positive that Peebles' Candy is always dainty.

ALWAYS PURE Money cannot buy any higher grade ingredients than are used in the manufacture of Peebles' Candy, an absolute guarantee that it is always pure and wholesome.

ALWAYS FRESH Agents are supplied daily from the factory with Peebles' Candy, insuring that it is always fresh and delicious. Superior to others, but price no higher. Try it.

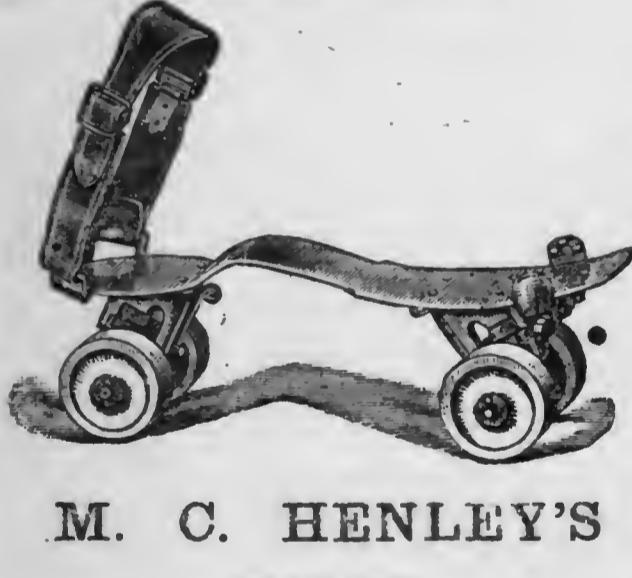
Agents for Allegretti & Rhei's delicious Chocolate Creams. A full line always on hand.

The Joseph R. Peebles' Sons Co.

JOSEPH S. PEEBLES, Pres't.  
Cincinnati, O.  
Established 1840.

We desire to establish agencies for Lyleburn Fruit Cake—1 lb. tins. A great trade winner.

CHALLENGE AND MONARCH RINK  
And Club Roller Skates.



M. C. HENLEY'S  
CELEBRATED  
Roller Skates!

Not a "CYCLE SKATE," or an experiment, but the only practical scientific RINK SKATE on the market. Over two millions of HENLEY'S SKATES sold in this and other countries.

N. C. FISHER,  
Attorney-At-Law.  
Paris, Kentucky.

Office on Broadway, up-stairs, 2 doors West of BOURBON NEWS.  
'Phone 58.

## FOR SALE.

A first-class, power Grinding Mill, standard make, will grind 60 to 75 barrels of ear corn per day, with 10-horse power. Will sell cheap.

R. P. BARNETT.

## Constant Coughing

Constant coughing is not only very annoying, but the continuous hacking and irritation will soon attack and injure the delicate lining of the throat and air passages. A simple cough is bad enough; but a chronic cough is really dangerous. Take advice and use the celebrated Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once and be cured.

**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup**

Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

The very best comp. I ever composed my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm. Non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

News Notes Gathered In And About the Boro.

Wm. Dye is clerking at the Palace saloon.

M. D. Kimbrough returned to Cynthiana, Saturday.

Mr and Mrs. Jas. M. Collier returned Saturday to Mt. Sterling.

T. M. Parcell had a fine short-horn calf to fall in a well and drown.

FOR SALE.—New milk or butter milk. (2t) T. M. PURNELL.

The mercury registered from 28 to 33 degrees below zero here yesterday morning.

Mr Alfred Peed, of Mayslick, was the guest of John Peed from Saturday until Monday.

There is a coal famine here, and the dealers are selling only in threble and five bushel lots.

McClelland Bros. sold a fancy harness gelding, last Friday, to Mr. Zimmerman, of Richland, Pa.

John Thornton, has been sworn in as postmaster until a successor is appointed to John Jameson, Jr., deceased.

On Saturday (the 19th) quarterly meeting will be held at the Methodist Church Services by Rev. Vaughn, Presiding Elder.

Miss Lida Clarke went to Flemingsburg, Saturday, to attend a house party given by her cousins, Miss Anna Pierce and Mr. Ed Pierce.

Frank Herbert has received a fine bronze goblet from Sid Conger, a noted poultry dealer of Plat Rock, Ind., the produce of a noted 45-lb. premium fowl.

Four applicants are seeking the appointment of postmaster of Millersburg—Miss Carrie Current, R. B. Boulden, Ben Howard and Mattie Green. The last named applicant is a colored woman.

CRYSTALLIZED fruits, nuts, oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, malaga grapes, grape fruit.

(1t) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Men's and Boys' overcoats at cost. Come and see for yourselves at Price & Co's, clothiers. We need the cash.

**MASTER'S SALE**  
OF  
BourbonCo. Land

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

JUDY A. BANTA'S, Administrator, Pltf.

vs. Consolidated Causes.

W. L. GIBSON, Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled consolidated causes, on the 17th day of December, 1898, I will sell publicly at the Court House door, in Paris, Kentucky,

Saturday, February 25, 1899, at about the hour of noon, the following described tracts of land, to-wit:

A tract of 49 acres and 38 poles lying in Bourbon county, Kentucky, adjoining the lines of Wm. Collins, Clay Gillespie, Willis Reid and others and is the same tract of land conveyed to W. L. Gibson, by J. W. Crump and wife, by deed of record in deed book 79, page 200, Bourbon County Clerk's office.

Saturday, February 25, 1899, at about the hour of noon, the following described tracts of land, to-wit:

A tract of 50 acres, more or less, lying on the waters of Brush Creek, on the Jackstown road, adjoining the lines of the heirs of Peter Banta, J. P. Squires, and others and is the same property conveyed to Mrs. Sallie Gibson by John W. McClure and his wife, Judy Banta after the death of his wife, Judy Banta.

Also a tract of land in Bourbon county, Ky., containing 50 acres, more or less, lying on the waters of Brush Creek, on the Jackstown road, adjoining the lines of the heirs of Peter Banta, J. P. Squires, and others and is the same property conveyed to Mrs. Sallie Gibson by John W. McClure and his wife, Judy Banta.

The foregoing tract of 14 acres and the tract of 50 acres above described, will first be offered separately and then as a whole, and the undersigned Commissioner will accept the bid or bids for same aggregating most money. Said land will be sold free of any claim of homestead and dower in favor of the defendant, W. L. Gibson, and his wife, Eliza Gibson, or either of them.

Said sale will be made upon a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months for equal parts of the purchase money, for which the purchaser or purchasers will be required to execute bonds, with good surety to be approved by the undersigned Master Commissioner, bearing interest from the day of sale until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, having the force and effect of judgments. The purchaser or purchasers shall have the option to pay the purchase money at any time after the confirmation of the sale. This — day of February, 1899.

EMMETT M. DICKSON,

Master Commissioner B. C. C.

MCMILLAN & TALBOT, Attorneys.

Low prices on candies for entertainments. Cheap but pure.

(1t) NEWTON MITCHELL.

THREE houses for rent or sale. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Paris, Ky. (8t)

**MASTER'S SALE**  
OF  
**City Property!**

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Northern Bank of Kentucky, Plaintiff,

vs.

J. W. Childers, etc. Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause, on the 17th of December, 1898, I will sell publicly at the Court house door, in Paris, Kentucky,

Saturday, February, 18, 1899, at about the hour of noon the following described real estate to-wit:

A certain lot No. 2 in the Henderson division of the city of Paris, being the corner lot on the west side of Henderson street, fronting 50 ft. on the Georgetown pike or street, and 100 feet on Henderson street. For further description or location reference is made to plat on file in Bourbon County Court Records.

By the provisions of the judgment aforesaid, said property cannot be divided without impairing its value or divided at all, and will be sold as a whole, free from homestead and dower right.

Said sale will be made upon credits of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money, for which the purchaser will be required to execute bond with good surety, payable to the undersigned Master Commissioner to be approved by said Commissioner and bearing interest from day of sale at the rate of six per cent. per annum, said bonds to have the force and effect of judgments.

Said sale is made to satisfy a judgment in favor of the defendant, The Economy Building & Loan Association, of Paris, Ky., for the sum of \$294.07, with interest thereon from the 27th day of October, 1898, until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, amounting, principal and interest on day of sale to \$299.51, and also to pay a judgment in favor of the plaintiff. The President, Directors and Company of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, for \$140.00 with interest thereon from January 1st, 1898, until paid, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, amounting, principal and interest on day of sale to \$166.29, which said last named judgment is secured by a lien on said property inferior to and second to the lien of the defendant, The Economy Building and Loan Association, of Paris, Ky., and the costs of this action \$81.62, making the total sum to be raised on day of sale the sum of \$547.42.

EMMETT M. DICKSON,  
Master Commissioner B. C. C.

MCMILLAN & TALBOT, Attys.

Royal Pride

Is carefully selected and will give full satisfaction to lovers of a good cup of Coffee.

Lord Calvert

Is of the highest grade, carefully selected and blended so as to give great delicacy of flavor with extra strength. Purity guaranteed.

Superba

Will make the whole family cheerful, as it is of the finest Java and Mocha blend. Try it, and if not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

Hunter

A Coffee far superior to any Coffee selling at 35 cents a pound. It is of the finest Mocha and Java, carefully blended and will give perfect satisfaction.

Bourbon Java

Is like everything else made in "Old Bourbon"—good, splendid, superfine. Try it. You will like it.

Sold By

G. N. PARRIS

DR. CALDWELL'S  
SYRUP PEPSIN  
CURES INDIGESTION.



**The Duhme Jewelry Company,**  
Fourth and Walnut Sts., Cincinnati, O.  
Long Distance Telephone, Call 570.

## DIAMOND CUTTERS.

All our Diamonds are Carefully selected in the rough, and cut in our Factory by Export Diamond Cutters. We carry the Largest Stock in the West at the Lowest Prices.

**SILVERSMITHS.** Our stock of STERLING SILVER and WEDDING SILVER is the most complete in the West. A few exclusive patterns of Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks at \$1.00 PEROUNCE.

We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Patek, Phillips & Co. watches. Our stock in this line includes every grade and make known to the trade, at prices to suit everybody.

Send for our Holiday Shopping List, containing many valuable Suggestions. Mail orders promptly attended to. Goods sent to our Patrons on Selection.

Tornadoes And Cyclones.

LOOKOUT, these windstorms will sweep your farm property off the face of the earth, and you will lose it all unless you have a policy in the old and tried Glen Falls of New York—\$1,000 insurance for five years will only cost you \$10. Tobacco barns a specialty. (909-tf) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

Coughed 20 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Rosell, Grantsburg, Ill.

HICKMOTT's asparagus tips, equal to the fresh. F. B. McDermott.

**WANTED.**

Position, by March 1st, as Superintendent on a farm Capable of attending to all business First-class references. Address, JOS. M. WRIGHT, Paris, Ky.

**Sale Dinners.**

If you are going to have a sale and wish to set a dinner at a reasonable price, call on

GEORGE RASSENFOSS,  
(20sept2m)  
PARIS, KY.

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DESIGNS  
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## HE IS IN A TRAP.

Gen. Aguinaldo and His Whole Army Surrounded By Our Troops.

Great Courage Shown By Our Troops During the Battle at Caloocan—List of Killed and Wounded—Troops Suffering From Heat.

MANILA, Feb. 10.—Thursday the natives, fearing the American were about to make an attack on or bombard the town of San Roque, set fire to it. It is still burning as this dispatch is sent and as it is composed in the main of bamboo huts, it will probably be totally destroyed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The following cablegram was received Thursday from Gen. Otis:

MANILA, Feb. 9.—Adjutant General, Washington. Additional casualties: Thirteenth Minnesota—Wounded: Company M, Private Alexander M. Burns.

First Montana—Wounded: Company C, Private Lester Pierrestoff.

First Nebraska—Killed: Co. B, Artificer Gustave E. Ellund; Co. F, Private Wm. Philipot; Co. M, Private H. C. Livingston. Wounded: Co. A, Charles Keeckley; Co. B, George L. Clother; Robert E. Childers; C. Fred Kuhn; E. Oral F. Gibson; F. Douglas T. Bridges; H. Harry Seabrook; K. Grant Boyd; L. Francis Hanson; M. Moro C. Shiperd, Daniel Campbell.

Third Artillery—Wounded: Battery K, James J. Grateg; L, James T. Leahy.

First Colored—Wounded: Company A, Clyde H. McVay.

Fourteenth Infantry—Wounded: William Bush.

Total casualties resulting from all engagements since evening of February 4 aggregate 268, as follows: Killed, 5 officers, 56 enlisted men, wounded, 8 officers, 199 enlisted men; missing, 2 enlisted men.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The navy department Thursday received the following dispatch:

"MANILA, Feb. 9.

"After continued interference and intimidation of our workmen I ordered armed insurgents to leave San Roque by 9 Thursday morning. They left during the night, a few remaining, who burned the village Thursday morning. It is now occupied by our troops. All quiet.

(Signed) "DEWEY."

San Roque is a village on the neck of land connecting Cavite and the mainland of Luzon.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The most important statement received during the day from Manila was that from Gen. Otis that he had sent orders to Brig. Gen. Marcus P. Miller to demand the surrender and evacuation of Iloilo by the Visayan insurgents Friday morning at 9 o'clock, and that he expected a report from Gen. Miller by next Monday of the successful execution of his order.

MANILA, Feb. 11.—The American forces at 3:40 Friday afternoon made a combined attack upon Caloocan and reduced it in short order. At a signal from the tower of the De la Loma church, the United States double-turreted monitor Monadnock opened fire from the bay, with the big guns of her fore turret on the earthworks with great effect. Soon afterward the Utah battery bombarded the place from the land side.

The rebels reserved their fire until the bombardment ceased, when they fired volleys of musketry as the Montana regiment advanced on the jungle.

The Kansas regiment, on the extreme left, with the 3d artillery deployed to the right, charged across the open and carried the earthworks, cheering under a heavy fire. Supported by the artillery at the church, the troops further advanced, driving the enemy, fighting every foot, right into the town line, and penetrated to the Presidencia, and lowered the Filipino flag at 5:30 p.m.

The enemy's sharpshooters, in the jungle on the right, fired at long range on the Pennsylvania regiment, but the rebels were soon silenced by shrapnel shells and the Pennsylvanians remained in the trenches.

As the Americans advanced they burned the native huts.

The rebels were mowed down like grass, but the American loss was slight.

MANILA, Feb. 11.—The American flag was raised at 5:30 Friday afternoon over the town of Caloocan, where Aguinaldo was reported to have gathered the flower of the Philippine army.

At 2:30 p.m. the monitor Monadnock and the gunboat Concord began the attack upon the town, throwing into it a shower of shells, which did a great deal of damage.

Then the 6th artillery division and the Utah battery opened fire on the Filipino intrenchments, and at 4 o'clock the entire brigade under command of Brig. Gen. Harrison G. Otis, with the exception of the 10th Pennsylvania infantry, which was held in reserve, began to advance in the following order from left to right.

The 20th Kansas infantry, 1st Montana infantry and the 3d artillery, the Kansas and the Montana troops being supported by the Idaho infantry and the Utah artillery by the 4th cavalry.

The insurgents kept up a rattling fire on our lines, but the Americans advanced from the woods on the left and an open field on the right without stopping, firing only when they reached the enemy's intrenchments.

In the meantime a company of the 1st Montana infantry, under command of Maj. J. F. Bell, who volunteered this service, executed a neat right flank movement, driving the enemy's left flank back into the town. Cheering like madmen, the Americans rushed over the enemy's trenches, completely routing the Filipinos, who scattered like sheep and fled toward the north.

The residence of an Englishman, named Higgins, was the only house in the town that had a flagstaff. This was borrowed for the occasion and the Stars and Stripes were run up amid tremendous cheering.

As the 20th Kansas and 1st Montana regiments entered the town from the south, they set on fire a number of huts in which some natives had concealed themselves for the purpose of firing upon the rear of our troops. The natives fled in a hurry.

Our losses were very slight, but those of the enemy were heavy, their casualties having been chiefly inflicted by shrapnel. Lt. Col. Bruce Wallace, of the 1st Montana, is among the wounded Americans.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—The following dispatch from Gen. Otis was received Friday night:

MANILA, Feb. 10.—Adjutant General, Washington:—Insurgents collected considerable force between Manila and Caloocan, where Aguinaldo is reported to be, and threatened attack and uprising in the city. Friday afternoon swung left of McArthur's division, which is north of Pasig river, into Caloocan, driving the enemy easy. Our left is now at Caloocan. Our loss is slight; that of the insurgents considerable. Particulars in the morning. Attack was preceded by one-half hour's firing from two of Adm. Dewey's vessels.

(Signed) GEN. OTIS.

MANILA, Feb. 11.—Early Saturday the Monadnock and the cruiser Charleston began dropping shells upon the rebel camp between Caloocan and Malabon.

The enemy's sharpshooters, in the jungle on the American left, had been particularly annoying since daylight, so the 3d artillery drove the rebels out of the jungle at noon. In the meantime a few more of our men were wounded.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—The war department Saturday received the following dispatch from Gen. Otis:

MANILA, Feb. 11.—McArthur's division is north of Pasig river. Yesterday his left wing, Otis' brigade, made a partial wheel to right, resting left of the brigade on Caloocan, where the insurgents, who were in considerable force, were sharply driven, leaving a good many dead.

Troops in excellent condition; supplied with all necessities. Hospitals, notwithstanding wounded, have fewer patients than before the engagements of the fourth and fifth instants. Friday's engagement most successful. Belief of old residents that Aguinaldo will be unable to gather in future any considerable forces.

(Signed) OTIS.

MANILA, Feb. 12.—The heat Saturday knocked out many more of our men than the Filipinos bullets, especially in the marsh lands north of Malabon, where the Kansas regiment was stationed. Fully a score of them were taken to the hospital.

The following additional particulars regarding the capture of Caloocan have been obtained:

The insurgents had been concentrating their forces for days at Caloocan and Maj. Gen. Elwell S. Otis, the American commander here, determined to attack them. He instructed his commanders accordingly, and requested the assistance of the naval forces under the command of Lt. Adm. Dewey. Maj. Gen. MacArthur reported that all was ready and at 3 o'clock he received the following message:

"The commanding general orders you to go ahead with the programme." (Signed) "BARRY."

The attack began immediately. The monitor Monadnock and the cruiser Charleston shelled Caloocan and the country north of it for half an hour. Gen. MacArthur's artillery also did effective work from a hill in the rear.

Brig. Gen. Harrison Gray Otis with his brigade, consisting of the Kansas regiment, the Montana regiment and the 3d artillery, regulars, acting as infantry, advanced handsomely, pushing forward in the face of the Filipino bullets as cheerfully as if they had been snowballs.

The enemy was utterly routed and fled to the mountains. At 6 o'clock "Cease firing" and "Recall" were sounded. The troops were then well through Caloocan and north of it. Gen. MacArthur established his left at Caloocan and strengthened his lines for the night.

The city is now quieter and business is better than at any time since the outbreak of hostilities.

The American losses Friday were three men killed and 32 wounded. Among the latter are gallant Lt. Col. Bruce Wallace, of the Montana regiment, and a lieutenant of the 2d cavalry, who was shot through the lung while leading a charge across the open ground. The enemy lost heavily.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—In his latest dispatch to the adjutant general, Otis expresses the opinion that the insurgents are so thoroughly licked that Aguinaldo will not be able to rally his forces again. While no official advices have yet been received about the battle at Malabon Saturday morning, officials admit that every effort is now being made to capture Aguinaldo,

and they think, from the location of Malabon, that the maneuver was made in an attempt to cut off his retreat to the north. Aguinaldo, they believe, is now practically surrounded.

MANILA, Feb. 13.—Contrary to general expectations all was quiet along the entire line, nothing having happened to disturb the peace of Sunday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—A dispatch from Gen. Otis received at the war department Sunday morning says he has been informed that the attack made on the American forces by the rebels was in pursuance of advices received by Aguinaldo from Hong Kong.

### CHICAGO SKATER'S PERIL.

Sixteen of Them Carried Out Into Lake Michigan on Ice Floes—Ten of Them Were Rescued.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Sixteen skaters living in the suburbs of Rogers Park and Lake Forest were carried out into Lake Michigan on ice floes Sunday. Ten of them were rescued and during the entire evening searching parties made fruitless efforts to secure some trace of the missing six. The missing are:

Attorney Elmer D. Brothers, employed in the office of Attorney Luther Laffin Mills; Miss Orel Manney, 17 years old, niece of Attorney Brothers; Chauncey Manney, nephew of Attorney Brothers; George Mallory, student at Lake Forest university, home in Pontiac, Ill.; Guy Caron, student at Lake Forest university, home in St. Anne, Ill.; Arthur Fletcher, Ravenswood park.

All of those who were rescued were carried out on the ice off Lake Forest and two of the number who ventured on the frozen lake there are supposed to have been drowned. The remaining three of the 16 were carried away on a floe off Rogers' park, and the Chicago life saving crew spent the night searching for them.

Attorney Brothers left his home at 435 Ashland avenue at noon Sunday, accompanied by his niece, Miss Orel Manney, and his nephew, Chauncey Manney. Mr. Brothers, who is prominent among the amateur photographers of the North Shore suburbs, ventured upon the congealed surface of Lake Michigan, hoping to take some snap shots at the beautiful towns within easy reach of his camera. After traveling safely over the ice to a convenient point from the shore, Mr. Brothers adjusted his lens and took a number of pictures.

A sudden change of wind brought conditions upon which the party had not calculated. Half a mile to the north the ice suddenly broke. The vast force exerted upon the floe near shore, upon which the unfortunate party were, caused a rapid disintegration. Before Mr. Brothers realized his position, escape was impossible.

Sunday night at dusk Mrs. Brothers, alarmed at the absence of her husband, reported to the police. The latter immediately repaired to the lake shore. Fully a mile out faint flashes of light could be seen. Between the shore and the points where the flashes were seen floated immense cakes of ice. The police officers tried time and again to find an opening in the floating mass through which a boat might pass, but without success. Finally a telephone message asking for aid was sent to this city. Several life boats were loaded upon trains and started to the rescue.

Tugs were unable to make the slightest impression upon the pack and after several fruitless efforts this mode of rescue was abandoned.

Guy Caron and George Mallory, students at the Lake Forest university, started from their boarding houses to walk to Waukegan on the ice about noon. They had not passed from sight when the change of wind, above noted, caused the ice field upon which they were to break from its moorings. The two young men had not reached Waukegan at midnight, Sunday, and all hope of saving them has been abandoned.

Three more people were added to the list of missing Sunday night. They are Sydney Morris, Charles Moeby and a policeman from the Sheffield avenue station whose name is not known. They started out together at 9 o'clock to aid in the rescue of the missing students. Nothing has been heard from them since and they are supposed to be adrift on the lake.

Probably a dozen shots were fired before the astounded onlookers could stop the fusillade. Lieuts. McKay and Phelps of the 4th Wisconsin, on duty with the provost guards, were in the room and immediately took steps to bring the engagement to an end. Lieut. Phelps ran up to Lieut. Scott and demanded his pistol. The latter said he willingly relinquished them to the proper authority and gave them up. Lieut. McKay, however, refused to do so and the two men at the table, and after looking at them a few seconds, stepped up and pulled Lieut. Blakeman's ear, at the same time applying a vile epithet. Lieut. Scott declared that Lieut. Blakeman was his friend and he would not allow him to be insulted. At this Col. Colson drew a pistol and Lieut. Scott rose from his chair with a pistol in each hand. There were quite a number of men in the place, and while some say they do not know who fired first, several declare that Col. Colson opened the fight.

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At the night session of the house 31 private pension bills were passed. Among them were the senate bill to pension Letitia Tyler Semple, the daughter of President Tyler, which deadlocked the house a week ago and the senate bill to pension ex-Senator John M. Palmer, of Illinois, at the rate of \$50 per month.

At Charleston, W. Va., the thermometer registered 27 degrees below zero at 10 o'clock Friday. The lowest point hitherto reached is 12 degrees below

## AN ASYLUM FIRE.

Seventeen Inmates Lose Their Lives at Yankton, South Dakota.

The Thermometer Registered 25 Degrees Below Zero, and Many Inmates Escaped Down a Narrow Stair in Their Night Clothes.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 13.—A special from Yankton says: One of the most horrifying fires in the history of Yankton occurred Sunday morning at 2 o'clock at the state insane asylum when one of the cottages took fire in the basement completely gutting the building and causing the loss of lives of 17 inmates confined there.

The cottage was erected of stone and granite walls with wooden interior and intended for laundry purposes, but owing to the crowded condition of the main building 40 of the female patients were placed here with the laundry in the basement. The exact cause of the fire is not known except that it originated in the dry room of the laundry. Here there is a coil of steam pipes, and the theory is that either fine particles similar to lint settled on the pipes, which ignited, or that clothes which were thickly hung here dropped on the pipes and were fired. The fighting of fire was greatly hindered by loss of power. The burned cottage stands some 300 feet in the rear of the main building, the water tank, which is for fire protection, standing 100 feet in the rear of the cottage. The steam pipes used for pumping runs from the boiler room of the main building through the cottage for heating and then to the artesian well or tank. The intense heat in the burning building caused the pipes to burst shortly after the fighting of the fire began, thus leaving them without power and depending entirely upon direct pressure from the tank, which was in no way sufficient to quench the fierce flames. Two streams of water were thrown on the building but did little good. With the thermometer standing at 25 degrees below zero it was a heartrending sight to witness those escaping coming down the narrow flight of stairs in their night clothes and bare feet into the bitter cold, and had it not been for the nearness of shelter the suffering and probable loss of life from freezing would have been terrible. The building was three stories high with an attic and two entrances, one east and one west.

There was one stairway from the second and third floors which led into the main halls to these entrances thus giving but one egress for those in the second and third floors and attic. Fifty-two persons were in the building, 40 patients and 12 female attendants. The attendants escaped, as did the others who were saved, with none of their personal effects, many losing all that they possessed.

COL. D. G. COLSON WOUNDED.

Trouble Between the Colonel and First

Lieut. Scott, Fourth Kentucky, Commenced in a Pitched Battle.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 13.—A special from Anniston, Ala., says:

The trouble that has been brewing for some time between Col. David G. Colson and First Lieut. E. D. Scott, of the 4th Kentucky regiment, culminated at a late hour Saturday night in a pitched battle in which Col. Colson was shot in the hip and Lieut. Scott

were both severely wounded.

James Crockett, a sturdy old Scotchman living in Detroit, Mich., at 88 Mountain St., was cured of Locomotor Ataxia by these pills. For many years he had been a chronic sufferer, his physical condition being of great responsibility and the anxiety caused a great nervous strain. Mr. Crockett says:

"For fifteen years I watched the big engines and boilers without a single accident and only regretted that I was getting nervous. I had the best physicians and grew gradually worse. At a council of doctors, they said I had nervous prostration, and had destroyed my whole nervous system and would never recover. For three years I was unable to move from my bed. The doctor said I had locomotor ataxia, and would never be able to walk again."

"The pains and suffering I experienced during those years are almost

indescribable. The friends that came to see me bid me good-bye when

they left me and I was given up. The doctors said nothing more could be done for me. My wife and I came to Atlanta and got Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We finally decided to try them. The first box gave me relief. I continued to use them for about two years before I could get strength enough to walk. I am nearly seventy-five years old and there is not a man in this city that can kick higher or walk further. Come to-day to-day I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for they saved my life!"—Detroit Evening News.

James Crockett, a sturdy old Scotchman living in Detroit, Mich., at 88

Mountain St., was cured of Locomotor Ataxia by these pills. For many

years he had been a chronic sufferer, his physical condition being of great

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## SAFETY IN WEAKNESS.

An iron monarch rode the sea,  
A nation's hope and pride;  
Through storm and billows dashing free,  
It feared no wind or tide;  
Its banner waved in every land,  
With honor haled abroad;  
Whene'er it hurled its fiery brand,  
The very deep was awed.  
  
The ocean's rage was felt at last;  
Its bills set at naught;  
It gathers up a cyclone's blast,  
And all its terror brought;  
Tossed, like a ball from hand to hand,  
A moment poised on high,  
Then dashed upon the rocky strand,  
And there the fragments lie;  
  
A trim Physala floating near,  
With iridescent sail;  
Through all the dark, devoid of fear,  
Had sported with the gale.  
The storm that wrecked the navy's pride,  
It all outdrode with glee,  
And still is dancing on the tide  
To beautify the sea.  
  
Thus all who boast their native strength  
Will stand on weakest strain,  
And sadly find when tried at length,  
That all their hopes are vain.  
The soul that seeks Jehovah's care,  
Secure from every wrong,  
A mighty arm is then made bare,  
In weakness they are strong!  
—Sidney Eyer. Ph. D., in Chicago Standard.



## THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL M. HARBERN

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## SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remain of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate.

## CHAPTER II.

"You say you know Caruthers?" he asked.

"Very slightly."

"See if you recognize him in the ballroom."

Lampkin studied the throng for several minutes, then he went nearer, and standing behind a crowd of men and a bunch of palms he studiously surveyed the ballroom. He went back to the detective.

"See anything of him?" questioned Hendricks, taking his fixed gaze from the rug at his feet.

"No."

"Then we must ask for him at the desk."

They approached one of the active clerks behind the counter. Hendricks drew out a visiting card and fingered it, his name downward.

"I'd like to see Mr. Weldon Caruthers," he said.

The clerk glanced at the key-ring behind him and shook his head.

"He hasn't returned yet," he answered. "He is still out of town."

"Where is he?" asked Hendricks.

"I cannot tell you, sir," and the clerk turned to answer a question put by a man in evening dress on his right.

"I am very anxious to see Mr. Caruthers to night," resumed Hendricks, when he could get the clerk's attention again. "It is very important matter."

The man in evening dress had overheard; he paused, interested.

"Are you looking for Caruthers?" he asked.

"I am," replied Hendricks.

"That's odd," smiled the man. "I've seen a dozen people to-night asking about him. We were just discussing his queer conduct and wondering what was the matter with him. He has broken several important engagements without a word of explanation. His valet told my man this afternoon that his master had been called by a night telegram to Philadelphia and had written him that he would be detained there for a couple of weeks. I presume it was some urgent business."

The speaker lighted a cigar and moved away to a group of men in the smoking-room. Hendricks drew the clerk aside.

"I am a detective," he said, in a low voice. "Hendricks is my name."

"Minard Hendricks?" exclaimed the clerk, in astonishment, his tone and manner suddenly apologetic. "I had no idea—"

"It is most important that I should have a look into Caruthers' apartment," broke in the detective. "Don't say a word to anyone, but get a pass key, and show my friend and myself up there right away."

The clerk nodded, a flurried expression on his face. Getting a key, he came from behind the counter and started towards the elevator.

"Not that way," objected Hendricks, detaining him. "Can't we go up the rear stairs?"

"Sure," said the clerk. "It's only one flight." And he piloted them to the stairs behind the cloakroom. "You'll find the apartments just as Mr. Caruthers left them. His valet said that his master had written him that the room must not be disturbed by anyone."

Hendricks paused on the stair.

"Did Mr. Caruthers not inform his man that he was going away?" he asked.

"No; you see Mr. Caruthers' man is married and lives on the west side. He happened to have a day off and did not know what had become of his master till he got the letter."

"I see," remarked Hendricks, and he started on again.

Reaching the door opening into Caruthers' apartments, the clerk unlatched it and led them in. The first chamber was a private sitting-room, the dainty pieces of French furniture, draperies and rugs being in perfect order.

"The gas is burning," observed Hen-

dricks, looking up at the cut-glass globes.

"As I said, no one has been in the rooms since Mr. Caruthers went away."

"Not even his valet?" asked the detective.

"It looks so, or surely he would have extinguished the gas. It seems to be burning in the next room too."

This chamber was a large luxurious bedroom, and as they entered it Lampkin's imagination prepared itself for a horrible spectacle. To his great relief, however, everything here was also in perfect order. The white lace coverlet lay as smoothly as newly fallen snow, and the sheets and pillows looked as if they had never been used. The clerk now with a look of growing curiosity, if not of incipient horror, stooped down and looked under the bed.

"Nothing there," he said. Then his attitude grew more serious, as he went to the large closet one by one and opened the doors. "There is the bathroom, yet," he remarked, with a shudder, his mind perhaps busy with a bit of French history or some recent American horror. "It's getting mighty common nowadays to commit bloody crimes in bathrooms. Do you suspect foul play, sir?"

"You are going entirely too fast," said Hendricks, in a curt tone. "Every matter I choose to investigate need not necessarily be a bloody one." He smiled and added to Lampkin: "My reputation among the people is as red as cranberry sauce."

The clerk bore the reproach with becoming humility. He made no reply and hung back till the detective had opened the door leading to the bathroom. Here the gas was burning also, and the small chamber, with its polished tiled floor and glistening porcelain walls, revealed no hint of bloodshed.

The face of the clerk fell; his appetite for sensation was not to be fed on this occasion.

"What time did Mr. Caruthers leave the hotel the night he left?" Hendricks asked him.

"I really don't know, sir," said the clerk. "I am pretty sure he did not mention it at the office, and that is customary among our guests. That is why I thought there might have been some underhand—"

"Leave your pass key with me," interrupted the detective, coldly. "My friend and I want to have a little private talk. When you go down, don't mention our being here."

The clerk reluctantly laid the key on a table.

"I'll not give it away, sir." He moved slowly towards the door. "If you want anything ring. I'll be on the lookout, and will run up myself."

"Good," said Hendricks, "you are very kind."

The detective followed him to the outer door and closed it after him. Then he came back into the bedroom.

"I hope this is only a hoax, after all," observed the doctor. "What are you going to do next?"

Hendricks shrugged his broad shoulders; it amounted to a shudder.

"We are going to look through those trunks—for a trunk and the rest."

"Is it really so bad as that?"

"My blasted premonition—which faculty in my make-up has always been a mystery to me—has held of me with its four claws," said Hendricks. "I can't explain it, doctor, but the minute I entered that door and saw the gas burning so brightly I felt murder in the air. Sometimes on a day like this—at a crisis like this—I imagine that the spirit of the murdered man lingers round the spot where he lost his life to try to give me a clew."

Lampkin shuddered as the detective laid hold of the nearest steamer-trunk and began to unstrap it. It was empty save for some clothing in the bottom. The next trunk was a large square one, and its lock for several minutes resisted the efforts of the detective to unfasten it. Finally, however, aided by a key of his own, and no little experience in such matters, Hendricks released the brass hasp and it fell down with a sharp click.

This trunk, also, contained nothing of a suspicious nature, and the same results were produced by a careful examination of two other trunks stored in the bathroom and a dress-suit case of heavy leather which was found in one of the closets.

"Ah, I certainly feel better," cried Lampkin a triumphant ring in his voice.

"I don't," ejaculated Hendricks, with one of his massive frowns, which always made his great brow resemble a miniature jutting crag.

"And why?"

"Because my anonymous correspondent says I shall find the remains of Weldon Caruthers in these apartments, and I believe on my soul he meant what he said."

"But that man downstairs said Caruthers' valet has received a communication from his master in Philadelphia."

"I'll set my life it was forged."

Lampkin started, and then he gazed into the detective's eyes steadily.

"I can't follow you, and I won't try. Your mind darts out after things I never would dream of. Do you think you may find a trace of the missing man here?"

"If my thinker would operate smoothly." This with a forced grin. "My trip to Boston has fagged me out. I am not normal. But it will not surprise me to find out that the same man wrote to the valet that wrote to me."

"If so you have a deep villain to deal with."

"As deep as the crucible of hell can turn out."

The detective sat down in a chair near the bed, and, taking from his pocket the anonymous letter, he studied it in silence. After a minute he said, re-

flexively:

"You will observe he does not say

I shall find the body of Caruthers here,

but the remains, and he has underscored the word heavily. Furthermore, he boasts of the skill with which the crime has been accomplished; that, old man, means something."

"But it seems to me that you have looked into every possible nook and cranny," said the doctor.

As if under a sudden inspiration Hendricks sprang up, and going to the bed he pushed aside the silken curtains of the canopy, turned down the sheets and doubled up the mattress. Then he drew himself up and began to examine the brie-a-brac about the room. He thumped with his knuckles marble statue of Venus de Milo in a corner, and then stood still in the center of the room and stared at the articles of ornament on the mantel-piece. He walked slowly backward to the doctor and laid a hand on his shoulder, and pointed to a large covered Japanese vase, shaped like an ancient urn.

"Doctor," he said, "the man who selected all the brie-a-brac in this room did not select that vase."

"It does seem a little out of harmony," admitted Lampkin. "Rather cheaper than the rest, don't you think?"

"It is a disgrace to such a collection," returned the detective, "besides it has been crowded in between those beautiful bronze pieces. Old man, I have an idea."

Lampkin said nothing as he watched his friend place a chair near the mantel-piece and mount it. The chair raised the detective so high that the cover of the vase was on a level with his chin. Hendricks removed the cover and looked into the vessel.

Lampkin saw him pick up something from the vase, examine it and lay it back. For a moment the detective stood, his back to the doctor, a hand on either side of the vessel. Then he lifted it cautiously stepped down to the floor, and placed it on the table.

"Prepare to be horrified, old man," he said, grimly. "It is here."

Lampkin started. "You don't mean—"

"You needn't look unless you want to," frowned the detective. "But our arch fiend has actually cremated the body of Caruthers, leaving only the jeweled hand of his victim to prevent there being any doubt as to the identity of the ashes. It was cremation; I know the ashes when I see them."

Lampkin got up and peered into the jar, turning the ghastly object over on the bed of ashes beneath.

"There is no odor," he said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone. "That is strange."

"Embalmed," said Hendricks. "I saw indications of it in the punctures of the flesh."

"You are right," agreed the doctor.

"Let me see a moment," with these words the detective sprang to the vase,

TO BE CONTINUED.

examined the porcelain tub and white-tiled floor.

"No," he said, coming back. "I think he managed to remove the body in its entirety."

"You think that?" remarked the doctor, not convinced.

"Yes; it would be an easy thing to do. As Caruthers was supposed to be leaving, it would be natural for him to take a trunk, and his luggage going out would not attract much attention."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor. "In his own trunk!"

At this juncture the door leading into the corridor swung open and the clerk who had shown them upstairs entered suddenly, his eyes alighting on the severed hand which lay across the somewhat narrow mouth of the vase.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed, his eyes bulging from their sockets, "has—he has been murdered, Mr. Hendricks?"

An expression of deep annoyance settled on the face of the detective.

"Yes," he said. "But leave us alone for a few minutes, and please don't say anything about this down in the office just yet. We would be interrupted by sight-seers."

The clerk thrust his white, horrified face forward and peered into the vase. "Surely not—cremated, Mr. Hendricks!" he gasped.

"That's about the size of it," retorted the detective. He went to the door and held it open. The clerk took the hint and backed out of the room.

"Don't lay it to me if this gets out sooner than you wish," he said. "A member of the detective force was down there in citizen's clothes and recognized you when you first came in. He had heard of the remarks going round about Mr. Caruthers' absence, and seeing you on board made him more curious. He has Mr. Caruthers' man down there now, asking him questions. It seems nothing has been seen of Mr. Caruthers since he had the row with Mr. Arthur Gielow at the club."

Hendricks leaned against the door facing.

"They had a row, eh?"

"That's the general report, sir."

"Did you hear what it was about?"

"Some dispute over a woman, I think."

"Who was the woman?"

"Miss Dorothy Huntington was the name I heard mentioned."

"Ah," broke in Lampkin, coming forward. "I remember—"

But Hendricks was bowing to the clerk and smiling, as if to denote that the conversation was at an end.

FOLLOWING THE SCENT.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A WILD YOUNG MAN AND HIS SHARP-NOSED BLOODHOUND.

We were back from one of the prettiest rides in all California and after supper sat under the trees with our genial host, rich and owner of a model fruit farm, says a clever story teller. Some one spoke in the severest terms of a heavy defaulter then prominent in the public eye, and the man who was entertaining us astonished everyone by breaking in abruptly: "Gentlemen, I do not believe in passing judgment upon a man until you understand all the circumstances of his case. To assume that every man who goes wrong has the instincts and the impulses of a common criminal is preposterous. You have to know influences, temptations and motives before you can pass intelligently upon results in such cases."

"O, you're too tender hearted and charitable," declared the first speaker. "A rogue's rogue, and you can't paint him an honest man." "Nice break you made," said another, as the host left us with a flushed face and passed into the house. "Don't you know his story?"

But, of course not, for it's almost forgotten, even here. He was a wild youngster and ran heavily into debt. His father was thought to be wealthy but was really worse off than nothing when he died. The young man went to work with

# ROYAL

## Baking Powder

Made from pure  
cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food  
against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest  
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.

Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners.  
BRUCE MILLER,

Make all Checks, Money Orders, &c.,  
payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion;  
half rates each insertion thereafter.  
Local and general advertising, cents per  
line each insertion. Locals in black type,  
twenty cents per line each insertion.  
Fractions of lines count as full lines when  
running at half rates.  
One-half cent for thanks, calls on candi-  
dates, resolutions of respect and matter of a  
like nature, ten cents per line.  
Special rates given for large advertise-  
ments and yearly cards.

The Pennsylvania Senate has invited  
President McKinley to attend the un-  
veiling of a monument in May. A mo-  
tion to invite W. J. Bryan was not sec-  
onded, although there were several  
Democrats in the Senate.

### Kentucky Press Meeting.

At a meeting of the Executive Com-  
mittee of the Kentucky Press Associa-  
tion, held at the Galt House, in Louis-  
ville, it was decided to hold the annual  
outing sometime late in June or early in  
July. The place of meeting has not  
been decided upon. Messrs. Woolfolk,  
McCarty and Brown were appointed a  
committee to look into railroad rates.  
Those at the meeting were: Messrs.  
Harry Sommers, of Elizabethtown;  
C. A. man; Joseph Williams, of Louisville;  
Harry McCarty, of Nicholasville; Chas.  
C. Howard, of Hodgenville; Henry  
Woolfolk, of Danville; J. H. Westover,  
of Williamstown; R. W. Brown, of  
Louisville, and D. D. Wallace, of War-  
saw.

### SHAWHAN.

Miss Burke, of Mayslick, is the guest  
of Mrs. W. F. Tamme.

Louie Saloshin, of Paris, was here one  
day last week on business.

The young men of this place gave a  
hop at Tamme's Hall, last Friday  
evening.

Miss Elsie Seeyer, of West Covington;  
was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Elsie  
Batterson, last week.

D. B. Patton sold eleven hogsheads of  
tobacco in Louisville last week at an  
average of \$5.85 per hundred.

### W. S. ANDERSON,

of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommend  
Wright's Celery Capsules.  
To the Wright Medical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentle: I have purchased a box of Wright's  
Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist,  
Waverly, O., and used them for Stomach  
Trouble and Constipation. It was under-  
done to do me any good, two boxes, and  
three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they  
have cured me. For the benefit of others so  
afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,

W. S. ANDERSON,  
Sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1 per box.  
Send address on postal to the Wright Med  
Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

The Eagle King of All Birds,  
is noted for its keen sight, clear and  
distinct vision. So are those persons  
who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve  
for weak eyes, stylos, sore eyes of any  
kind or granulated lids. Sold by all  
dealers at 25 cents.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for  
\$1.00. F. B. McDermott.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds  
for \$1.00. F. B. McDermott.

GUNTHER's fine candies for sale for  
Christmas. (tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

## WATCH THIS SPACE

## PARKER & JAMES,

CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,

Corner Main and Fourth Sts.,

Will occupy this space with their announcements. A new  
and complete line of ready-to-wear clothing, and gents'  
furnishings is being installed in their big store-room—lately  
vacated by H. Montgomery.

### A Child's Long Journey.

LENA TRENT, aged ten years, arrived  
in this city yesterday morning on the L.  
& N. five o'clock train, having traveled  
alone from Roanoke, Virginia. She  
arrived in Winchester Sunday afternoon  
and remained in the depot until the early  
train passed yesterday morning for Paris.  
She waited at the Paris depot  
yesterday morning until eleven o'clock  
when she was met by her father, James  
Trent, who is a blacksmith at Clinton-  
ville. The little girl was a brave traveler  
and won a number of friends on her  
long journey.

### GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In  
The Foyer.

Joseph Jefferson will rejoin his com-  
pany on April 2 for a tour of five weeks,  
one week of which is booked in New  
York.

\* \* \*

John Henshaw, who was the star of  
"The Passing Show," will rejoin the  
Casino forces when "In Gay Paree" is  
put on.

\* \* \*

Anna Held, who is appearing in Cin-  
cinnati this week with "The French  
Maid" Company, wears a \$30,000 dress.  
The dress itself is a Parisian dream, but  
the extraordinary cost is accounted for  
by the fact that the lavish embroidery  
on the costume is interwoven with gems  
—practically all the jewels which Miss  
Held possesses. They are gifts from  
admirers and friends, more or less ex-  
alted, the former comprising the czar of  
Russia, King Leopold of Belgium, Prince  
Henri D'Orleans, a German grand duke,  
and minor principlings and nobles. Diamonds, of course, are promi-  
nent among the gems.

\* \* \*

"FABIO ROMANI."

The thrilling melodrama "Fabio  
Romani," in which Aiden Benedict has  
been successfully starring for several  
seasons is a dramatization of Marie  
Corelli's famous novel "The Vendetta."  
It has been pronounced one of the best  
melodramas on the road and has won  
high praise. The play is enhanced by  
special scenery and handsome costumes.  
The company includes Aiden Benedict,  
Gilbert Faust and Miss Martha Bea-  
ford, who assume leading parts. Miss  
Grace Hunter will introduce her beauti-  
ful Fire, Serpentine and Stereopticon  
and Spanish dances during the perfor-  
mances. The sale of reserved seats is  
in progress at Brooks' drug store. The  
play will be produced at the opera house  
to-morrow night.

My agency insures against  
fire, wind and storm—best of reliable,  
prompt paying companies—non-union.

### W. O. HINTON, Agent.

### Mardi Gras

at New Orleans and Mobile QUEEN &  
CRESCENT Route, limited trains,  
equipped with elegance, running on fast  
time. One fare round trip tickets from  
Cincinnati and the north on sale daily,  
February 6 to 13, good until Feb. 28, to  
return. Also to Birmingham, Ala., on  
the same dates. W. C. RINEARSON,  
P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for  
\$1.00. F. B. McDermott.

S. S. ABNEY, mail carrier, will haul  
light baggage to and from depot. Terms  
very reasonable. Leave orders at Post-  
office. (tf)

Insure your property against fire,  
wind and lightning in the First Home  
Insurance Co., a safe and reliable com-  
pany.

O. W. MILLER, Agent,  
Paris, Ky.

NEW YORK, Edam, pine-apple, Neuf-  
châtel cheese.

(tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for  
\$1.00. F. B. McDermott.

NUTS, raisins, dates, figs, currants,  
seedless raisins.

NEWTON MITCHELL.

FOR SALE.—One large anthracite  
stove. Apply to Dr. Ussery. (20)

### OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory  
Of The Dead.

## ALL WOMEN AGREE.

A druggist in Macon, Ga., says: "I  
have sold a large quantity of Mother's  
Friend, and have never known an in-  
stance where it has failed to produce the  
good results claimed for it. All women  
agree that it makes labor shorter and less  
painful."



### Mother's Friend

is not a chance remedy. Its good effects  
are readily experienced by all expectant  
mothers who use it. Years ago it passed  
the experimental stage. While it always  
shortens labor and lessens the pains of  
delivery, it is also of the greatest benefit  
during the earlier months of pregnancy.  
Morning sickness and nervousness are  
easily overcome, and the liniment relaxes  
the strained muscles, permitting them to  
expand without causing distress. Mother's  
Friend gives great recuperative power to  
the mother, and her recovery is sure and  
rapid. Danger from rising and swelled  
breasts is done away with completely.

Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.

ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our free illustrated book for expectant mothers.

### Stop-Overs at Washington And at Philadelphia.

Rev. Joe Hopper is assisting Dr. H. M.  
Scudder in a protracted meeting at the  
Presbyterian Church, Elizaville.

A range exploded yesterday at Lexington  
and blew a 200-pound colored  
cook through the kitchen window.

The 168th anniversary of Daniel  
Boone's birth was celebrated Saturday at  
Frankfort by the Kentucky State  
Historical Society.

A Clinton county young man eloped to  
Tennessee and on his return with his  
bride was shot at and slightly wounded  
by the girl's father.

The residence of Mrs. Sarah A  
Slaughter, in Scott county, Ky., burned  
Friday night, and Mrs. Slaughter, who  
was eighty-four years of age, perished  
in the flames.

The State Board of Equalization con-  
vened Friday. John L. Scott, of Frank-  
fort, and Joe Earleywine, Gov. Bradley's  
stenographer, are two of the secretaries.  
The members of the board are ex-Senator  
W. H. Clark, Shelbyville; Henry  
Overstreet, Owensboro, and W. A. Bul-  
lock, of Barren County.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc.

Turf Notes.

J. Tandy Hughes, of Lexington, who  
is well known to many persons in this  
city, will train and campaign a stable of  
four thoroughbred horses this season.

Burk & Co., of this county, sold seven  
hds. of tobacco in Cincinnati last week  
at \$7.90 to \$5.10, and Frank Tamme sold  
six hds. at \$9.80 to \$5.35. Ireland  
Bro. & W. Brierly sold nine hds. at  
\$12.75 to \$10.

Weak Eyes are Made Strong.  
dim vision made clear—stays removed  
and granulated lids or sore eyes of any  
kind speedily and effectively cured by  
the use of Sutherland's Single Eye Salve  
It's sold on a guarantee.

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

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It's sold on a guarantee.

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

## Scrofula, a Vile Inheritance.

Scrofula is the most obstinate of blood  
troubles, and is often the result of an  
inherited taint in the blood. S. S. S.  
is the only remedy which goes deep  
enough to reach Scrofula; it forces out  
every trace of the disease, and cures  
the worst cases.

My son, Charlie, was afflicted from infancy  
with Scrofula, and he suffered so that it was  
impossible to dress him for three years. His  
head and body were a mass of sores, and his  
eyesight also became affected. No treatment  
was spared that we thought would relieve  
him, but it grew worse, and still his condition was  
indeed pitiable. I had almost despaired of his  
ever being cured, when by the advice of a friend  
I gave him S. S. S. (Swift's Specific). Ade-  
quate improvement was the result, and after  
he had taken a dozen bottles, no one who knew  
him could recognize him. All the sores on his body  
had healed, his skin is perfectly clear and  
smooth, and he has been restored to perfect  
health.

Mrs. S. S. MABRY,  
890 Elm St., Macon, Ga.

For real blood troubles it is a waste  
of time to expect a cure from the doctors.  
Blood diseases are beyond their  
skill. Swift's Specific,

S.S.S. For The Blood

reaches all deep-seated cases which  
other remedies have no effect upon. It  
is the only blood remedy guaranteed  
purely vegetable, and contains no pot-  
ash, mercury, or other mineral.

Books mailed free to any address by  
Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

### For Rent.

Five-room brick residence on Seventh  
street. Bath room and other conveniences.  
Apply to J. K. SPEARS.

### Cottage For Rent.

Nice cottage of four rooms. apply to  
C. ARNSPARGER.

### Farm For Sale.

190 acres of land, eight miles south  
of Paris, one mile from Hutchinson, sit-  
uated on two good pikes. Well watered;  
elegant 10-room brick residence; large  
tobacco barn, and two tenement houses.  
TERMS.—Easy.  
Apply at THE NEWS office or write to  
"Lock Box 30, Paris, Ky." (20jants)

## FRANK & CO.

404 MAIN STREET,

PARIS, KY.

New Goods,  
New Styles,  
New Patterns.

Prices Right,  
Style Right,  
Goods Right.

After the most successful week of sales in the history  
of our business we will be ready Monday, January 23rd,  
with our New Spring Styles in

### Hamburgs,

### Laces,

### Percales,

### Piques,

### Cheviots,

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as  
Second-class mail matter.]

## TELEPHONE NO. 124.

## SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]  
One year.....\$2.00 Six months.....\$1.00

NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP &amp; MILLER.

ED TIPTON will sell his property at Lexington and will move to New York.

F. E. BAIRD, of Riddle Mills, has filed a petition in bankruptcy at Frankfort.

H. F. HILLENMEYER, the Lexington nurseryman, says that the peach crop is killed.

GEORGE LITTLE, engineer on one of the L. &amp; N's passenger trains, is ill with fever at his home in Maysville.

HONEY BROS., of Montrose, Fayette county, have sold their store and will make their home with G. W. Honey, at Coulthard's Mill.

TOM COLLINS, formerly of Lexington, who has been superintendent of the Slidell plantation in Arkansas, died last week in Arkansas.

J. LOUIS EARLEYWINE, of this city, stenographer to Gov. Bradley, has been appointed assistant clerk to the State Board of Equalization.

FRANK P. KENNEY, formerly of this city, has been appointed presiding judge for a Denver race meeting, which will be held June 10th to 30th.

C. A. KENNEY has bought from W. G. Swearengen for J. Hyland, of New Orleans, a five-year-old pacing mare by Happy King, for a good price.

W. H. CLAY, of Elizabeth, has rented his farm, and in this issue of THE NEWS advertises his stock, crop, implements, etc., for sale at public auction on Feb. 28th. See the ad.

If you want good beef go to Laughlin Bros. They have bought of Chas. Clarke fifty head of stall-fed cattle which are the best ever butchered here, and for which they paid a fancy price.

THE Edworth League Conference of the Lexington District will be held in this city on March 22d to 29th. The L. &amp; N. will sell round-trip tickets from all stations to Paris at one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan.

THE fire department was called out Saturday morning by an alarm from box 33 to extinguish a fire in the residence on South Main street occupied by H. C. Whaley. The fire was caused by a defective pipe, and the house was damaged to the extent of \$350 by fire and water. The furniture was not damaged.

## An Ex-Bourbon Shot.

JACOB KELLER, son of Dr. David Keller, formerly of this city, was shot and dangerously wounded Saturday morning on the streets at Lexington by King McNamara. The murderous assault was unprovoked.

## Tobacco Kills Cattle.

During a business trip to Cynthiana yesterday R. B. Hutchcraft, of this city, heard it told on the streets that a large number of cattle belonging to Newton Reese, got into his barn for shelter, and ate of the tobacco stored therein. Twenty of the cattle died from the effects of it.

## A Valentine Party.

A "VALENTINE PARTY" will be an attraction at the rink to-night, and every person who attends will get a valentine. The valentines cost from one cent to two dollars, and there's a prize for everybody—no blanks. The regular prices will prevail.

## Coal Famine Likely.

If the cold weather continues there is danger of a coal famine in the Bluegrass. The coal mines of Kentucky, which have a capacity of 1,000 cars per day, only got out thirty cars of coal yesterday. There are less than six cars in Paris, and there is no coal at Millersburg, Shawan, Lair, Hutchison, Muir or Clintonville, and Frankfort, Lexington and Georgetown are short on coal. The L. &amp; N. and the Midland each brought in a car last night.

## News of The Churches.

ELD. Z. T. SWEENEY will preach a sermon Sunday night at the Christian Church to the Knights of Pythias Lodge of this city, the occasion being the anniversary of the organization and institution of the universal Knights of Pythias Lodge. Rathbone Lodge of this city will attend in a body.

Miss Etta McClinton made the confession at the Baptist Church Sunday morning.

The regular social will be given in the lecture rooms of the Methodist Church Friday night.

## The Elks' Charity Fund.

THE Paris Elk Lodge yesterday started a Charity Fund and opened a dispensing depot in the store-room lately occupied by Harry Stout, where they gave out \$60 worth of orders for coal and groceries to needy persons. The Elk committee is composed of Judge H. C. Howard, Dr. Frank Flithian, Ford Brent, O. L. Davis and E. H. Owings.

The Elk Lodge started the Fund with a subscription of \$300, and would be glad to have everybody lend a helping hand to this noble work, by donating cash, provisions, clothing, etc. All donations will be thankfully received and will be given only to needy persons who come recommended by responsible persons. Mayor Perry gave \$100 to the fund yesterday on behalf of the city, and G. B. Alexander contributed \$15. The Power Grocery Co. gave two bushels of beans, two bushels of hominy and two pieces of side meat.

Rodolph Davis will start around with a wagon about noon to-day to gather up the donations and it is hoped that everybody who can will give liberally. He solicited \$40 and fifty bushels of coal besides some clothing, etc., yesterday.

The exceedingly severe weather has caused great suffering among the poor of Paris and worthy persons have been in absolute need of food, clothing and coal.

The groceries have agreed to sell provisions at cost to the Charity Fund, and the citizens should respond liberally so that much of the suffering of the poor may be relieved.

Paris ladies who are without servants are requested to send their names to the Elk Charity depot, as some applicants for aid have offered to work if they could get places.

A Paris lady who has kept a pot of hot soup in her kitchen and fed all who applied during this cold spell, suggests that others follow the plan, issuing tickets for as many as they can honor. The tickets might be sent to the County Judge, Mayor or any of the ministers.

## Rev. Dr. Pearson III.

REV. DR. PEARSON's meeting at the Second Presbyterian Church closed Sunday night to the genuine regret of every person who had the pleasure of hearing even one of his fine sermons. Rev. Pearson took a severe cold Thursday and his physician forbade him to continue preaching for the present. He is still suffering from severe cold and is confined to his room at the Windsor.

Rev. Cheek and Rev. Rutherford conducted the services Friday morning, after Mrs. Pearson's meeting, and Rev. Cheek preached at night. Rev. Cheek also preached Sunday morning and Rev. Mann filled the pulpit at night.

Rev. Pearson's revival has been a wonderful meeting in many respects. Rev. Pearson is an able and earnest minister who preaches plain, convincing sermons, which leave a deep impression upon his hearers. The meeting will surely result in great good, and hundreds of Parisians sincerely regret that it is over, and trust that Dr. Pearson will be fully recovered in a few days. He is engaged to begin a meeting in Houston, Texas, Sunday night. Rev. Pearson is ably assisted in his work by his wife, whose meetings for women have been thoroughly enjoyed by a very large number of Paris ladies.

## The Ellis Opera Company.

CHARLES A. ELLIS announces a season of three performances of grand opera, in Italian, German and French, at Music Hall, in Cincinnati, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, February 27, 28 and March 1 by the Ellis Opera Company. The company includes Mmes. Nellie Melba, Johanna Gadski, Zelie Delnsan, Olitzka, Brandes, Van Casteren, Mattfeld; Mme. Kraus, Pandolfi, Van Hoose, Kissling, Del Sol, Bensande, Bondouresque, De Vries, Struy, Stehmann, Rosa, Viviana and M. Alvarez (leading tenor of the Grand Opera, Paris).

The repertoire for the season will be: Monday, February 27, Puccini's "La Boheme" (in Italian), with Melba, DeLussan, Pandolfi and Bensande, (Seppoli, conductor). Tuesday, February 28, Wagner's "Siegfried" (in German), with Gadski, Kraus and Sture Damrosch, conductor. Wednesday, March 1, Gonnod's "Romeo and Juliet" (in French), with Melba and Alvarez (Seppoli, conductor). The company has met with tremendous success in the East.

## Weather Record Broken.

THE oldest inhabitant of Paris does not remember such a severe spell of weather as the present cold weather. Friday morning thermometers in Paris registered twenty-two below zero, and yesterday morning Mt. Airy thermometer registered twenty-six and twenty-seven below zero. It is said that one thermometer showed thirty-two below.

The signal service predicts marked moderation in the weather to-day, with probable snows.

The mercury registered from thirty to thirty-five below yesterday in Cynthiana. New York's coldest has been six below, and Chicago's is twenty-four.

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free.

HAGGARD &amp; REED.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

## COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

NOTES HASTILY JOTTED ON THE STREETS, AT THE DEPOTS, IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES AND ELSEWHERE.

—Mrs. George Honey is seriously ill with the grippe.

—Miss Ella Shipp spent Sunday with relatives in Winchester.

—Mr. J. W. Davis has returned from a business trip to New York.

—Mr. B. M. Renick was in Lexington yesterday on a business trip.

—Landlord Jas. Connor, of the Fordham, was in Lexington yesterday.

—Miss Margie Turney left yesterday for a visit to relatives in Cynthiana.

—Messrs. C. R. James, J. D. Condon and Dan Morris were in Cincinnati Saturday.

—Miss Pattie Letton left yesterday for a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. R. Williams, in Falmouth.

—Mrs. Sydney Clay has returned to Lexington after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Sidney G. Clay.

—Miss Sallie Joe Hedges has returned home from an extended visit to her aunt, Mrs. A. L. Calvert, in Covington.

—Editor Squire Turner, of the Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat, was in the city Saturday and Sunday visiting friends.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bosley arrived home yesterday from Lincoln county where they went to attend the wedding of the former's sister.

—Miss Carrie Frank has returned from an extended visit to relatives and friends in Louisville, accompanied by Miss Hallie Matthews, an ever welcome visitor to Paris.

—Mr. Augustus Thomas, of Evansville, Ind., arrived yesterday to spend a few days at Mr. A. S. Stout's, where his wife has been visiting for a week. Mr. Thomas was on the river packet D. G. Staggs, which was wrecked last Thursday night, many passengers making narrow escapes. Nearly every piece of baggage on the boat was lost.

—Misses Alice and Eddie Spears, of Mt. Airy avenue, were the charming hostesses Friday evening to a very pleasant meeting of the Violet Whist Club and the Kismet Euchre Club. There were seven tables of players. The guests were Misses Bessie Woodford, Laura Trundle, Fannie Mann, Nellie Mann, Louise Bushford, Elizabeth Woodford, Bessie Holladay, Lucy Lowry, Kate Russell, Margaret Butler, Mary Purnell, Dr. J. R. Adair, Dr. J. M. Purnell, Messrs. Ed. Tucker, John Spears, Chas. Friend, Oakford Hinton, W. M. Hinton, Jr., Robt. Parks, Chas. Winn, Strother Quisenberry, Talbot Clay, Albert Hinton, Ford Brent, Walter Champ.

## BIRTHS.

## The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

Near Paris, to the wife of Jas. H. Smith, nee Dawson, on 13 inst., a daughter.

To the wife of Robt. Penn, of the Hutchison precinct, an eleven-pound son.

The Lexington Herald says that a fourteen-pound son was born Sunday to the wife of Pat Gorman, of the Clarendon Hotel.

## Bankrupt Cases Discharged.

JUDGE BARR Saturday discharged the petitions in bankruptcy filed by J. C. and J. T. McClelland, Wm. T. Redmon, of this county. Objection was made to the discharge of Thos. W. and Jas. W. Hunter, of Nicholas, and ten days granted to file specifications. The petition of Joel T. Quisenberry was also discharged.

## Court Cullings.

DAVE WILLIAMS, colored, charged with forgery, was held over in \$100 bond Saturday by Judge Purnell for trial by the Circuit Court.

Will Fisher, a colored youth, charged with burning R. P. Dow's stable, was held over in \$100 bond.

"Cap" Tillman, a Claysville negro, who came to Judge Purnell's office to solicit charity for a needy woman, got too fresh with his tongue, and was sent to jail to cool off for thirty minutes.

A large number of persons have appealed at Judge Purnell's office for charity, and, after an investigation, all worthy cases were relieved.

GEORGE BRECKINRIDGE, colored, was arraigned in Judge Purnell's court for trial Saturday on the charge of perjury, and was held over to Circuit Court in perjury. He was remanded to jail in default of \$100 bail.

SEND your laundry to Stout, the tailor, 627 Main street, phone 149. (tf)

STOUT, the tailor, has moved his store to 627 Main street (with Lancaster &amp; Northcott.) He is still with the old, reliable M. &amp; N. laundry, and New York Life Insurance Co. Phone 149. (tf)

DAVE MILLER, the barber, has located his chair in John Ayer's shop, opposite Schwartz's saloon. (27j-lm)

## Governor's Mansion Burns.

THE Governor's Mansion, the oldest and most historic residence in Frankfort, was destroyed Friday by a fire caused from a defective flue. Gov. Bradley and family lost their clothing, their furniture was badly damaged, and many valuable papers were destroyed.

The Governor personally worked with the firemen and was drenched to the skin with icy water. The loss on the house and the furniture is about covered by insurance. The house was built in 1797, and several years later, Thomas Metcalfe, who was then eighteen years old, helped to build the stone wall on an addition to the house which he afterward occupied as Gov. Metcalfe.

Gov. Bradley will rent a house to live in.

## Has Two Lawyers Now.

CHARLIE MOORE, the "heathen" editor of the Blue Grass Blade, who was convicted at Cincinnati last week, for sending immoral literature through the mails, would not have a lawyer to defend him at his trial in the Federal court. He argued his own case and was sent to the penitentiary for two years.

He now has two Cincinnati lawyers engaged to get him out of prison. They have filed a motion to have the verdict set aside and have asked for a new trial.

Moore's Lexington friends are making an effort to get Collector Sam Roberts, a personal friend of President McKinley, to use his influence in getting the president to grant a pardon to Moore. A letter just received here from Editor C. C. Moore of the Bluegrass Blade who is in the Columbus (O.) penitentiary, says the Lexington Herald, states that he is assistant superintendent of the prison paper. The News, and also holds an executive position in the printing department.

Mr. Moore says he has been treated with great kindness and consideration. He says he is ensconced in a comfortable office, with suitable furniture and says with his new prison suit on he looks like a Confederate general.

His letter indicated that he was by no means in a depressed state of mind and was not worrying over his surroundings.

## Twenty-five per cent. discount on all Winter underwear at Price &amp; Co.'s, clothiers.

HEINZ'S baked beans in tomato sauce. F. B. McDermott.

## Attention!

Parties wanting photos in Grinnan's gallery should come and have sittings made at once, as the building we occupy will be torn away about the middle of February. Persons wanting old negatives can get same cheap, as I will dispose of them all.

L. GRINNAN.

Insure in my agency non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Having rented my farm I will offer at public sale, on

Tuesday, February, 28th, 1899,

the following property:

1 good work-mule;

1 good work-horse;

1 combined saddle and harness horse;

1 combined saddle and harness mare;

1 harness and work mare;

Also some grade cows and heifers;

10 brood sows;

1 1-horse wagon;

1 4-horse wagon;

1 1-horse cart;

1 binder good as new;

1 new disc grain drill;

2 disc cultivators;

1 rockaway;

1 buggy;

Roller plows, harrows and other things too numerous to mention.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock.

TERMS.—All sums of \$10 and under cash; over that amount six months time without interest.

W. H. CLAY,

ELIZABETH, KY.

Public Sale

OF

Stock, Crop, Implements.

As Administrator of the estate of James Whaley, dec'd. I will sell at public

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by

WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners

BRUCE MILLER,

## FASHION NOTES.

Some of the Latest Features in Ladies' Costumes of the Season.

The spring will see nearly all skirts made with side closings, either real or simulated, by buttons and lacing cords. The lengthened skirt with its close sheath effects will remain in vogue; open-fronted coats and basques will continue in great favor, and everything designed to impart a look of slender ness and grace will be followed by the modiste and tailor in the making of gowns for the new season.

On account of the great change in the size of the dress sleeve, it is no longer necessary in making up evening wraps to allow for much extra breadth across the shoulders, and while there is much elaboration about the neck in the way of large picturesque collars, neck ruffles and bows of lace, ribbon, and fur, the space below is left unadorned, and it is considered better to show long shoulder lines than to cover the wrap on the upper portion with weighty accessories.

There is still a very great fancy even at this season of the year for mon-soline de soie yokes and gimp on all sorts of bodices to wear under tailor coats. On one stylish suit of dark burgundy red the mouseline is tucked over white satin to form medium-sized squares, and the low-cut waist above the gimp is bordered with cream-colored lace running down on the satin where the blouse is crossed to the left side. The neck is finished with a shirred stock and an elaborate cravat of lace and mouseline de soie.

The invisible chevrons woven in a new type of camel's hair are made into handsome street costumes, trimmed with black astrakhan fur. The tunic which is one of the most pronounced characteristics of the winter styles, extends from a measurement of half the width of the underskirt in front to a very deep, rounded point at the back following the sweeping dip of the dress skirt. It is a three-piece model, with underfolded plait at the back, and the edges are finished with an astrakhan band about four inches wide.

A very stylish costume of silk and wool novelty goods has the skirt finished with circular ruffles, with a coat above it, very long at the back, and cut away in front to show a vandyke waist-coat of dark velvet, the long points of the gilet falling six or eight inches below the belt. The coat is finished with revers of the same velvet, and around the throat is a high fur collar.

In evening dress, the style much used by high-class modistes is a princess shape, perfectly smooth and close fitting over the hips, the bodice portion low-in-the-neck, with a rippling bertha drapery at the edge. The monsoline sleeves reach to the elbow, and the skirt is trimmed with three circular flounces edged with narrow chintz ruching. Silks and satins of every description are used for these gowns, also crepe de chine, veiling, silk dotted poplin, and silk and wool fancies in which chenille effects appear.—N. Y. Post.

## WANTED TO MARRY.

A Maine Man Who Had No Positive Objections to Woman of Wealth.

It is easy to hide poverty, but it is absolutely impossible to hide money. People may think you wealthy when you are poor, but if you are wealthy no one will ever suspect you of being poor. Wealth is like a balloon in the air—it draws all eyes.

As a proof of this, here's an example of how rich ladies, widows and single, living right here in Rochester, are made to feel the "curse of gold."

A wealthy East side woman, unmarried, spent last summer on the Maine coast. While there she lived at a very modest and inexpensive hotel. While there she attended services at a little Presbyterian church in the village, the choir of which consisted of three singers, two women and one man, the latter a tall, broad-shouldered countryman, awkward and homely.

On week days he worked hard in the field, and was not a little discontented with his lot in life. He longed for wealth, and, considering himself good looking, cherished the hope that some time he would be able to marry a rich visitor of the village. One Sunday he met her in church, and she complimented him on his singing.

Soon after this the lady returned to Rochester, thinking no more about the robust singer up on the Maine coast. But he had not forgotten the lady who had said pleasant words to him, and who, he thought, would be willing to marry him.

A few days ago Miss F. — received the following letter from her friend in the Maine village:

"It's my delight to correspond with Distant friends, so don't think I'm Fresh for riting thoes few lines to tell You how much I like you. If you be willing I am Willing to marry you, however if you think my eccentricities to much to weigh against Your money I won't write any more but hoping that will Accept my corresponding. Yours to a Cinder, Mr. R."—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

## Wedding Pudding.

A cupful of clear salt pork chopped fine, one of chopped raisins, two of sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of flour, one of milk, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, beat together the pork, sugar, raisins and spice, then add the milk, in which dissolve the saleratus and then the flour. Steam for four hours or more. Serve with rich wine sauce.—Boston Globe.

## A Seventeenth Century Valentine.

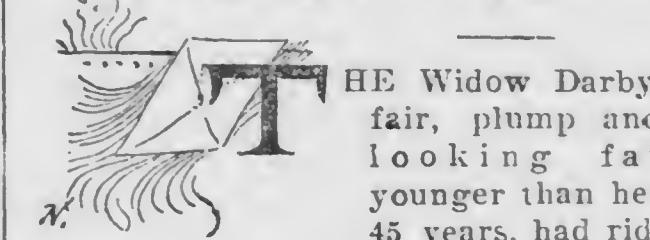


I KNOW a lass in Norwich-town—  
Heigh-ho! but my heart's merry!  
Yonder trips she a-wending down  
The little lane by the Rose and Crown  
With lips as red as a berry.  
  
I know a lass in Norwich-town—  
Heigh-ho! but my heart's jolly!  
Ever a smile and never a frown,  
Her heart's jolly!  
And a cry to Puritan Care—"Go drown!"  
And a mock at melancholy.

I know a lass in Norwich-town—  
Heigh-ho! but my heart's merry!  
Trustful eyes that are winsome brown,  
And feet as light as the thistle-down;  
And cheeks as pink as the cherry.

I know a lass in Norwich-town—  
Heigh-ho! but my heart's jolly!  
Though I've a name of no renown,  
And she goes clad in a silken gown,  
I have won sweet Mistress Polly,  
Clinton Scolland, in Harper's Bazaar.

## The Widow Darby's Valentine.



**T**HE Widow Darby, fair, plump and looking far younger than her 45 years, had ridden into town with Jared Kent because her horse had lame him that morning, and Jared "happened to be going in" and had asked the widow to ride with him.

Jared was what some of the people in the neighborhood called a "regular horn old bache." He had floated and scorned womankind most of the 50 years of his life, and had openly set forth his conviction that men were "better off without 'em than with 'em, particularly when it come to marrying of 'em." He had held to this conviction so long and had proclaimed it so boldly as so constantly that all of the matchmakers in the rural neighborhood in which he lived had given him up a hopeless case beyond the pale of their schemes for making a benedict of him.

The boy came out a moment later with a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue envelope in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She glanced at the blue envelope and said, joyfully: "Oh, here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter. I know by the post-

mark. How glad Jane will be! And here—well, I declare!" She burst into a merry laugh as she looked at the big white, embossed envelope. The boy had told the truth when he had gone back to his comrades and said with a titter:

"She's got a valentine!"

"Who in the land ever sent me that thing?" said Mrs. Darby, holding the envelope out at arm's length. "I didn't even know it was Valentine's day. If it isn't the greatest idea that I should get a valentine."

"I don't know why you shouldn't," said Jared.

"Oh, because I—but I guess some child sent it."

"Maybe not."

"No one else could have had so little gumption!" said the widow with another laugh. "Maybe there's one of these comic valentines inside of it—some ridiculous thing about a widow likely."

"Why don't you open it and see?"

"I will."

She burst into another laugh as she drew forth a dainty creation of lace paper, tinsel and bright colored embossed pictures.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she said. "The idea of anyone being nippy enough to send an old woman like me a thing like that!"

"You're not an old woman."

"I'm 45!"

"Well, I'm older than that, and I don't call myself an old man. Many a woman around here would be glad to get a valentine like that if the sender really meant it."

"Yes, and if you were the sender."

"I'm not vain enough to think that I did not foolish enough to say it if I did think it."

"No, I don't think that you are, Jared. But I wonder who could have sent the this. The writing on the envelope is evidently disguised, and—O, here we

and to play croquet with him. He'd be nice and pleasant and all that, but he never came anyways near falling into any of the traps we set for him. We thought once that he did take a kind of a shine to a nice, sweet, real good-looking girl of about 30 named Janet Deane, from over Shetby way, who was visiting us. She'd of made him an awful good wife, and I sung her praises all the time, but nothing came of it."

"It's an elegant morning, isn't it?" said Jared, as he and the widow flew along over the hills and through long lanes in which the snow was drifted almost to the top rails of the fences.

"Oh, it's lovely!" replied the widow. "I like snow."

"So do I. You got much to do in town?"

"No; I'll be through with all of my errands in an hour. I can let something go if you don't want to stay in town that long."

"...that'll be none too long for me. Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be at Smith & Hansom's dry goods store any time you say."

"We'll call it 11 o'clock, then."

It was three minutes after 11 when Jared drove up to the appointed place of meeting. The widow had stepped into the sleigh and he was tucking the robes in around her when she said:

"There, Jared, I'm just like other women; I've forgotten something."

"What is it?"

"I forgot to go around to the post office. I know that there's nothing there for me, because one of the Stone boys brought my mail out last night, and there's no mail trains in until noon; but poor old Jane Carr came over just before I left and wanted me to be sure and see if there was a letter for her. Her daughter is very sick out west, and she hasn't had a letter for a week, and she's half wild. I couldn't bear to tell her I'd forgotten to go to the office."

"I'll drive around that way," said Jared. "It won't be three blocks out of the way."

Two or three boys stood idling in front of the post office, and Jared said to one of them he knew to know:

"Say, Jimmie, run into the office and see if there's any letter for Mrs. Jane Carr. You needn't ask for me, for I've been around and got my mail."

"You might look in box 184," said Mrs. Darby. "Mebbe there's a drop-letter for me."

The boy came out a moment later with a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue envelope in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She glanced at the blue envelope and said, joyfully:

"Oh, here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter. I know by the post-

mark. See! I've got something for ye, Liddy!" The little circle of spinsters and kindly neighbors parted, and good Uncle Silas Peterson came wheeling to the bedside, the snow still clinging to his rough overcoat. He carried a letter in his hand—a coarse and dirty envelope addressed in the crude, sprawling penmanship of a man whom neither life nor education has ripened or refined.

"It's from Orson—Orson, you know," Uncle Silas added, bending over the couch and addressing the dying woman with the tender directness one uses to children—and death.

"Orson?" A smile flashed over the ashen face, and the woman lifted a feeble hand for the letter. She kissed it and tucked it under the thin shawl that some loving hand had wrapped over her shoulders.

"Shan't I open it for ye, Liddy?" asked one of the women.

The dying eyes said "No."

"She thinks it's a valentine from her husband," whispered one of the neighbors. "To-day is Valentine day, you know. Last year I remember her telling me how she wished Orson would send her a valentine—just some little thing to show her that he loved her the way he did when they were first married."

"Most likely it's a note saying he'll stay over night and see the races on the ice to-morrow," was the guarded reply.

The dying woman folded her shawl tightly round the precious letter. A look of perfect peace lighted her face. "He does love me," she whispered, "just as he used to!"

Uncle Silas turned away to wipe the mist from his spectacles. There was a little fluttering sigh from the bed. "Liddy" had gone home.

When they drew the old shawl from her shoulders, there, tight pressed against her heart by both thin blue-veined hands, was Orson's crumpled, dirty letter. They were scarcely able to take it away from her slender, clinging fingers.

"Shall we open it?" asked Miss Peniman. The women looked furtively at one another, their curiosity strung with their reverence.

"No," said Miss Daggett, at last. "It's hers—sacred. No matter what it says. She died thinkin' it was a valentine. Let's burn it up, somebody will never know."

The ashes of the unread letter fluttered white about the stove for a few minutes, and then whirled up the chimney, as a gust of February wind roared over the house. And the little, worn-out, heart-hungry woman lay smiling, as death had found her.—James Buckham, in Detroit Free Press.

They STOPPED AT JANE CARR'S GATE.

## A HUNGARIAN DUEL.

In Which the Only Damage Done is to the English Language.

Bansky—Do you apologize? Von Kowsky Neffer, no times! "Then for yourself lookouts!" "Am I retty?" "So am I."

"Ven I say tree times we bote fire."

"Ven you say tree times one time."

"No. Ven I say tree mit one and two den we bote shoot."

"Dot is vot I understood. Ven will you begin?"

"I will begin ven I got me a good retty. Aim! Eh? Who dit you cink you was fightin'?"

"I am mit fightin', to be sure."

"Den dy not you point your revolver in my direction alretty?"

"Excuse me, I am in der habit of fightin' my duels was gwite a sufficiency."

"Your honour was gwite a sufficiency."

"Rotten! Two, tree! Fire!"

They both fire. Bansky knocks the shingles from a neighboring barn, and Von Kowsky makes the bushes fly from a tree in the next lot. The seconds, who are hiding in a nearby quarry, crawl out cautiously, and then hastily scramble back. Six times do the warlike principals exchange shots without personal damage, and then their weapons are empty.

Bansky—We had done all dot was in our power to sasidly wounded honor?

Von Kowsky—Dot is so!

"Den I move we adburn to der nearest gasthaus."

The adjourn.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## POOR CYRANO.

The Popular Hero of the Day Badly Handled in a Street Car Conversational.

Scene—An east-bound motor car.

Dramatic personae—Two women.

"Have you read 'Stranny'?"

"Hey?"

"Have you read 'Stranny dees Bergkraft'?"

"Oh, yes. The car joggles so I didn't catch it. Lovely, isn't it?"

"Yes, and so funny! Didn't it remind you of somebody you knew?"

"I dunno it did. Did it you?"

"Yes, it reminded me for all the world of the fellow my cousin Emmie married."

"Was he a fighter?"

"No, but he had the biggest nose you ever laid eyes on."

"Funny she married him."

"Well, she had lots o' money. They say he, he, he—that when they were courtin' he never kissed her. Couldn't get near enough—he, he, he!"

"Did you ever! Funny about the Chicago man, wasn't it?"

"What was that?"

"Says he wrote 'Stranny.' Had Richard Mansfield arrested for playin' it."

"I want to know! I posed some Frenchman wrote it."

"That's what everybody posed. Lemme see—what's everybody?"

"Somethin' like Roastin, I think. That's what Sissy calls it. She's studyin' French, you know?"

"Oh, is she? The French are a dreadfully tricky set, don't you think?"

"Yes, I guess they are. I get off here. Good-by."

"Good-by."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## He Was Handicapped.

Old Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter)—Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.—Youth's Companion.

Some persons have done a great deal to run down cyclists and, on the other hand, some cyclists have done a good deal to run down other persons.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Talking machines are becoming so common that it seems rather odd that deaf and dumb persons must still do their conversing by hand.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Covetousness turns a man out of the warmth of his own house to stand shivering on his neighbor's doorstep.—Rant's Horn.

A doctor and undertaker walking together expect to attract attention, and they always do.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

## It Hangs On.

If it was only health, we might let it cling.

But it is a cough. One cold no sooner passes off before another comes. But it's the same old cough all the time.

And it's the same old story, too. There is first the cold, then the cough, then pneumonia or consumption with the long sickness, and life trembling in the balance.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; the parts are put perfectly at rest and the cough drops away. It has no diseased tissues on which to hang.

**Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster**

draws out inflammation of the lungs.

**Advice Free:**  
Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever, and are unable to get relief, you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. G. AYER,  
Lowell, Mass.

## THE WAYS OF VERGERS.

▲ Worthy Class, Says This Writer, Whose Intelligence Is Much Maligned.

If in the books of a decade or two ago a verger was mentioned it was only to make fun of him. Hackney had small respect for the worthy class and Dickens none at all, and the feebler novelists imitated their masters. Professedly serious writers were nearly as bad; a verger was supposed to be synonymous with ignorance and pretension. Personally I am inclined to think vergers a much maligned class. I have met with ignorance among them, but the cases are so few that the fingers of one hand would be sufficient to enumerate them; I have far oftener met with knowledge and enthusiasm that have put me to blush.

Let me give one instance: Once I remarked to the then verger when I had seen a great deal, making my modest offering as I spoke, that as I had to get across London and catch a train to the west I must go. The verger gripped me by the arm. "Young man," said he, "your train may be late, and if you miss it you can get a bed in the town, but God Almighty may never give you another chance of seeing Ely cathedral." Of course I stopped, and of course I lost my train. The trouble vergers are at to increase their knowledge has struck me with amazement. There is one who, saving up his scanty wages, has made himself personally acquainted with the great continental fables which were built about the same time and in similar style to the cathedral he so delightedly describes.

I have frequently had vergers willing to show me round during the hours the building was supposed to be closed, and even to light up parts in order that I might be better able to appreciate some detail or other. On one point I have found vergers, as a rule, very bigoted. I have never met with one who has not affirmed that, taken as a whole, his church was the most interesting and instructive in the kingdom. This jealousy is occasionally amusing. In a certain southern town there are two churches. The principal one is the older, but less interesting. A friend asked the verger of the old church whether the other was worth seeing. Reluctantly, he admitted: "It might be, but," he added, with glee, "it ain't got no Norman arches." Custodians have sometimes odd ideas. One I knew had made a discovery that had got into the papers. One day he got a letter desiring to see these objects, with a view of purchasing; it was signed by the respected head of the British museum, and, of course, on official paper. "Is he a respectable chap, do you think?" he asked me. "I don't think much of shows, and I've no faith in London shops."—Church Gazette.

**DISLIKE UMBRELLAS.**

Why Oilskin Coats, or "Slackers," Became Popular in Colorado.

Gamblers are notoriously superstitious," said a veteran sport who is staying in New Orleans during the winter races, "and a thousand stories are told of their eccentricities in that line. The queerest thing that I know personally to be a fact occurred in 1878 in a Colorado mining camp called Carbonate. It was a wild, woolly place and practically run by the tough element. Of course there was plenty of gambling, and one evening a stranger carrying an umbrella walked into a place where a rowdy outfit was in full blast.

"Happening to notice that one of the ribs of the umbrella was sprung he thoughtlessly opened it right over the head of a player. The man glared around, and, whipping out a pistol, shot the stranger dead. He was arrested and taken before a self-appointed judge, who was also proprietor of a keno room. The prisoner admitted the deed, but pleaded extreme provocation. The opening of the umbrella over the head of one who is playing faro, he explained, was, as everybody knew, a hoodoo for life and doomed its victim to a career of uninterrupted disaster. The only way to remove the curse was to instantly slay the owner of the umbrella. The judge listened with sagacious nods and then sent for a number of hoodoo experts—in other words, the principal gamblers in town. They turned pale at the very mention of umbrellas and declared on oath that such an episode as the one described would undoubtedly blight anybody's entire life.

"Only two courses were open in such a case—suicide or manslaughter. The magistrate charged the jury that they were the sole judges of the facts and the hoodoo, and they promptly returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. After that umbrellas became unpopular in Carbonate, and oilskin coats, or 'slackers,' as they are called in the west, enjoyed a great boom."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Worship of the Tiger.**

The carcass of the tiger was carried to the adjacent village, where a hen was decapitated in front of it by the Gonds as an offering to the tiger god, while all the women assembled and did obeisance to the monster, bringing also their children and placing each a small coin on the tiger's body in front of its jaws. For these primitive people look on the tiger as their god—and small marvel, seeing what a wondrous creature he is, with matchless symmetry of form and mighty strength, before which man seems an insignificant puppet.—"Tropics and Snows," by R. Burton.

**They Must Bathe.**

Pupils in the public schools of Copenhagen are required to take three baths a week in the public school building, and while they are bathing their clothes are sterilized in a steam oven. The Danes object to the regulation on the ground that it makes the children discontented with their home surroundings.—N. Y. Sun.

## HELD COLUMBUS' BONES.

Pittsburgh Man Who Says He Touched Them in 1878—Now Hidden in San Domingo.

James C. Jamieson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has been a traveler, says: "It is amusing to read the many stories concerning the removal of the bones of Columbus from Havana to Spain. Newspapers have said that the Spanish authorities had packed them up in a case and have secretly removed them to Cadiz. Such cannot be true. In 1878 I had the pleasure, if such it can be called, of having the bones of Columbus in my own hands.

"I was in San Domingo, on the San Domingo island, and had gone there on a trading expedition with a cargo of goods. While there I was the guest of Paul Jones, at the time United States consul at that place. A force of workmen were engaged in remodeling the ancient cathedral, which had been built some 400 years before. One day one of the men engaged in excavating struck a leaden box with his pick just under the altar. The box was about two feet in length, ten inches wide and ten inches tall. The box was covered with inscriptions, but time and the earth had worked such changes that they could not be deciphered.

"The box was opened, and in it was found a handful of dust, a part of a human skull, and a number of bones. A silver plate, which had been fastened on the underside of the lid of the box, was found among the bones, the screws with which it had been fastened having given way with decay. There were a number of pieces of jewelry and trinkets in the box. On the plate was the inscription: 'C. Colon.' Spanish for Christopher Columbus. No one but the priests of the parish saw the contents of the box at that time.

"A short time later an Italian man-of-war arrived at San Domingo, and as Columbus had been born in Italy, they asked to see the remains. The privilege was accorded, and, through United States Consul Paul Jones, I was permitted to be of the party, and I was among the first to pick up all that remained of Christopher Columbus. Consul Jones also held the bones.

"After the impressive ceremony the remains were taken in charge by the priests and placed again in hiding. You know that Columbus and his son Don Diego both died in Spain; and it was about 30 years after the former's death that the remains of both were taken to San Domingo and placed in the cathedral. When the Spanish withdrew from the island about 100 years ago, they wanted to take the bones of Columbus with them. The monk in charge did not want to give them up, and it is now known that he gave the Spanish the remains, not of Christopher Columbus, but those of his son Diego. The bones of Columbus were taken up and secretly hidden by the monks, and they are in San Domingo at this day."—N. Y. Sun.

**Fried Oysters.**

Drain the oysters. Take one part corn meal to two parts of cracker crumbs. Mix in this one teaspoonful of baking powder in proportion of one spoonful to one quart; salt and pepper to taste. Large oysters need not be used in this instance unless desired; lift up several on a fork, dip in a bowl of milk, and drop in the prepared crumbs. Pat into rolls, using plenty of crumbs; lay out to dry on a cloth sprinkled lightly with meal. When ready to fry them have lard enough to cook them so you would doughnuts. Drop in an occasional slice of raw potato to keep the grease from turning brown.—Farm and Fireside.

**English Stew.**

This is an excellent preparation of cold meat, which is first cut in slices and then sprinkled with pepper, salt and flour. Lay them in a dish, and on them place a few pickles of any kind or a small quantity of pickled cabbage. Take a teacup half full of water, add to it a small quantity of the pickle vinegar or a small quantity of catsup, and add gravy that may be set by for use. Stir all together, and pour over the meat, and set it in the oven for about half an hour, and serve hot.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**THE MARKETS.**

CINCINNATI, Feb. 15.  
LIVE STOCK—Castle, common, \$2.75 @ 4.10  
Select butchers... 4.15 @ 4.60  
CALVES—Fair to good light... 6.75 @ 7.50  
BOGS—Coarse and heavy... 2.60 @ 2.80  
Mutton... 2.60 @ 2.80  
Lamb-shippers... 3.75 @ 4.00  
SHEEP—Choice... 4.10 @ 4.50  
LAMBS... 2.55 @ 2.75  
FLOUR—Winter family... 7.75 @ 8.25  
GRAIN—Red-wheat... 7.75 @ 8.25  
Corn-No. 2 mixed... 3.75 @ 4.10  
Oats-No. 2... 3.75 @ 4.10  
Rye-No. 2... 3.75 @ 4.10  
HAMS—Pork to choice... 8.50 @ 8.75  
PROVISIONS—Meat pork... 1.50 @ 1.75  
lard... 1.25 @ 1.50  
BUTTER—Choice butter... 3.75 @ 4.00  
APPLES—Choice to fancy... 1.40 @ 1.60  
POTATOES—Peel bbl... 1.40 @ 1.60  
CHICAGO.  
FLOUR—Winter patient... 3.75 @ 4.00  
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 7.75 @ 8.25  
Corn-No. 2 mixed... 4.15 @ 4.50  
OATS—No. 2... 4.15 @ 4.50  
PORK—Mixed... 2.75 @ 3.00  
PORK—New Meats... 10.00 @ 10.50  
LARD—Western... 5.25 @ 5.50  
BALTIMORE.  
FLOUR—Family wheat... 7.75 @ 8.25  
GREEN—Family wheat... 7.75 @ 8.25  
Corn—Mixed... 3.75 @ 4.10  
Oats—No. 2 Western... 3.75 @ 4.10  
Rye—No. 2 Western... 3.75 @ 4.10  
CATTLE—Pork to choice... 4.35 @ 4.75  
HOGS—Western... 4.20 @ 4.50  
INDIANAPOLIS.  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2... 7.75 @ 8.25  
Corn—No. 2 mixed... 4.15 @ 4.50  
Oats—No. 2 mixed... 4.15 @ 4.50  
LOUISVILLE.  
FLOUR—Winter patient... 3.75 @ 4.00  
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red... 7.75 @ 8.25  
Corn—Mixed... 3.75 @ 4.10  
Oats—No. 2 Western... 3.75 @ 4.10  
Rye—No. 2 Western... 3.75 @ 4.10  
CATTLE—Pork to choice... 4.35 @ 4.75  
HOGS—Western... 4.20 @ 4.50  
NEW YORK.  
INDIANAPOLIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Business and Prayers.

In one of the suburbs west of Chicago is a grocer who, although a devout churchgoer and a faithful citizen, has the reputation of figuring closer in his business dealing than any other man in the village. His enemies say that he often bit a coffee bean in two to make weight, and that he stops his clock at night to save wear and tear on the wheels. The grocer lives above his store, and his home is connected with his place of business by a back stairs indoors. The grocer's son takes the late watch in the store, and every night at nine o'clock the good man opens the door at the top of the steps and the following conversation takes place:

"John, have you posted the books?"

"Yes, father?"

"Have you set the scales light?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, come up to prayers."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Aged Woman Rides a Bicycle.**

Probably the oldest living bicyclist is a woman in County Essex, England, aged 93, who is an adept rider and whose sprightliness is astonishing. Most people could enjoy health until very old age if they took proper precautions to prevent diseases of the digestive organs by taking an occasional dose of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Even after dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and constipation have secured a foothold and become chronic, the Bitters will afford speedy relief.

**On the Ice.**

"Did you fall?" asked the officious one of the man who had slipped on the ice. "Fall!" roared the man witheringly. "no! I merely sat down to think over this expansion question."—Philadelphia North American.

**Very Low Rates Via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.**

Semi-monthly excursions to the southwest. The greatest opportunity to visit Texas, the Empire state of the Union, unparalleled as to resources and

## FREAKS OF MEMORY.

QUEER PRANKS FOR WHICH THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING.

SOME INSTANCES OF THE SINGULAR EFFECTS PRODUCED UPON THE MIND BY GAZING STEADILY AT A CRYSTAL—FORGOTTEN INCIDENTS RECALLED.

The queer freaks of memory are a constant puzzle to those who study psychical phenomena. Who has not been driven to the verge of distraction by the total inability to recall a name when an effort was made to do so and when the occasion for such remembrance was past had the missing name flash into the mind apparently of its own volition?

Great minds have wrestled to find an explanation for the pranks that memory plays and have had to give up the effort. In the course of a systematic attempt to arrive at some understanding with regard to the wonders of memory a very valuable and unique body of testimony has been obtained. The following questions have been put to 200 American university students and professional persons, 151 being men and 49 being women. The answers are here given with the questions:

Question 1.—When you cannot recall a name you want, does it seem to come back spontaneously without being suggested by any perceived association of ideas? To this 11 per cent answered "No" and 81 per cent "Yes."

Question 2.—Does such recovery ever come during sleep? To this 17 per cent answered "No" and 28 percent "Yes."

Some examples given:

1. This morning I tried to recall the name of a character I had read of the night before in one of Scott's novels and failed. I taught a class and walking home in the afternoon all the names recurred to me without effort.

2. I tried to recall the name of a book. Gave it up. Half an hour later, while talking of something else blurted it out without conscious volition.

Question 3.—On seeing a sight or hearing a sound for the first time, have you ever felt that you had seen (or heard) the same before? Fifty-nine per cent answered "Yes."

The action of unconscious memory during sleep is illustrated by further queries.

Question 4.—Do you dream? Ninety-four per cent answered "Yes."

Question 5.—Can you wake at a given hour determined before going to sleep without waking up many times before? Fifty-nine per cent answered "Yes." Thirty-one per cent answered "No."

Question 6.—If you can, how about failure? Sixty-nine per cent seldom failed; 25 per cent often.

Question 7.—Do you come direct from oblivion to consciousness? Sixty-four per cent answered "Yes" and 16 per cent "Gradually."

Examples:

1. I had to give medicine every two hours exactly to my wife. I am a very sound sleeper, but for six weeks I woke up every two hours and never missed giving the medicine.

2. I am always awake five minutes before the hour I set the alarm.

3. I had had little sleep for ten days and went to bed at 9, asking to be called at midnight. I fell asleep at once. I rose and dressed as the clock struck 12, and could not believe I had not been called.

A strange phenomenon has come to light in the course of the inquiry into the mystery of memory. It has been discovered that by gazing steadily at a crystal consciousness is partly lost. Into the void thus produced those who have practiced crystal gazing find that there enter unbidden forgotten incidents and lost memories. To give a few instances: A lady in crystal gazing saw a bit of dark wall covered with white flowers. She was conscious she must have seen it somewhere, but had no recollection where. She walked over the ground she had just traversed and found the wall which she had passed unnoticed.

We took out her bankbook another day. Shortly afterward she was gazing at the crystal and saw nothing but the number one. She thought it was some huck number, but, taking up the bankbook, found to her surprise it was the number of the account.

At another time she destroyed a letter without noting the address. She could only remember the town. After gazing at the crystal some time she saw "321 Jefferson avenue." She addressed the letter there, adding the town, and found it was right.

A lady sat in a room to write where she had sat eight years before. She felt her feet moving restlessly under the table and then remembered that eight years before she always had a footstool. It was this her feet were seeking.

Psychical research brings to light many cases of similar strange tricks of memory. It is easy to find instances that serve to deepen the mystery. It is not so easy to give an explanation. The cleverest men who have attempted to do so have had to admit defeat. —Washington Post

## The Women of Belgium.

No one can travel in Belgium without being struck by the extraordinary activity and prominence of the women. Over the doors of shops of all descriptions the name of the owner or owners is frequently followed by "Seours" or "Veuve." You find them proprietors of houses and restaurants. They are often custodians of the churches. They are employed to tow the boats along the canals. They cut up the meat in the butchers' shops, and they are even noticed shoeing horses at the toll-gates.

## To Be Avoided.

Mrs. De Sour—I want you to keep y— dog out of my house. It will all of fleas.

Mrs. De Smart—Mercy on me! Fido, come here, sir! Don't you know that house again? It's full of fleas—Jewish notes and Queries.

## MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AT SEA.

Three Steamers Didn't Understand It, but the Prince of Monaco Knew.

The Prince of Monaco has been known since 1885 as an enthusiastic student of the sea and its various forms of life. He usually spends his summers in the study of oceanographic problems, and his cruises have on some occasions been extended almost to the coasts of America. He delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London in which he told this incident:

One afternoon, while in the bay of Biscay, he sank the trap in which he collected specimens of sea life. It went to the bottom in over 12,000 feet of water, and as night approached he fastened to the wire attached to it an electric buoy and then stood off a mile or so. It did not happen to occur to him that he was right in the track of steamers plying between northern Europe and the Mediterranean, but he was reminded of the fact later.

As he and his 14 sailors were watching with a good deal of satisfaction the swaying buoy with its brilliant illumination a steamer's lights came into view. It was soon evident that the steamer was curious to know the meaning of the illumination. For she altered her course and made for the light. She knew that no fishing boats came out so far from land and so determined to solve the mystery. Up she came to within a quarter of a mile of the buoy, slowed up for a minute, and then started ahead, perhaps a little disgusted at the incident that had lured her several miles out of her course.

She had hardly got away when a second steamer came into view, and she too, bore down upon the lighted buoy. The marines on the prince's vessel understood by this time that the illumination was probably believed to be evidence of a disaster. Just as the prince's steamer was moving up to explain matters she was nearly run down by one of the large liners in the oriental trade, which had also left her course to render what assistance she could.

The swell was very heavy, and the prince feared a collision as the three vessels approached the light like moths around a candle. He therefore veered off and the other vessels, after standing by for a few minutes, went on their way and probably never learned the cause of that night's illumination at sea.

But the incident gave the prince a pointer. He carefully refrained thereafter from exhibiting his electric buoy on any of the much traveled ocean routes.—New York Sun.

## FOOLED IN A HORSE TRADE.

This Animal Possessed Several Remarkable Traits.

A prominent English landlord was one day riding across a common adjacent to his preserves when he overtook one of his tenants, who was also mounted. After the usual salutations they rode on in silence for some minutes when the tenant slightly spurred his horse, a balky animal, whereupon it dropped to its knees.

"What's the matter with your horse?" asked his lordship. The embarrassed tenant remarked by way of explanation that his steed always acted that way when there was game to be found.

A moment later, to the tenant's satisfaction and surprise, a frightened hare jumped out of some bushes near by. This so impressed the landlord that he at once drove a bargain by which he secured the tenant's barebacked beast in exchange for his own fine mount, perfectly saddled. With much agility the tenant leaped to his new horse, and all went well until they came to a small stream, whereat the landlord's new nag immediately balked. A drive home with the spur brought it again to its knees.

"Hello, what's up now? There's no game here," said his lordship.

"True, my lord," was the ready reply, "but I forgot to tell you 'ee's as good for fish as 'ee is for game."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## The Audience Got Angry.

There was a scene of wild excitement during the last week of May, 1892, at the Gaiety, London, and all owing to the singular behavior of a policeman.

Two popular entertainers were on the stage, and one of them asked the audience a little conundrum, "Why is an policeman an utter scoundrel?"

A gentleman in blue who was apparently on duty in the body of the theater at once took offense. He jumped onto the stage and, seizing the offender, attempted to drag him off.

The audience rose in indignation. Men shook their fists and shouted, "What has he done?" One frenzied young lady in the front of the gallery seized a tumbler and would have thrown it at the policeman if her arm had not been arrested.

The policeman then dragged his captive off the stage amid the hisses and shouts of the audience. But anger was speedily changed to laughter when Mr. Policeman reappeared with his victim and stood revealed as one of the Cosmo trio. I never saw an audience so completely taken in.—London Correspondent.

## Pigs and Witchcraft.

Two women of the lower class were quarreling violently the other evening in Heavitree, a suburb of Exeter. One yelled to the other: "You wretched, you always keep a black and a white pig, so that you can witch us! You ought to be scragged!" The one so addressed, it seems, has lived in her cottage some 20 years. She has during this period, it is said, always kept a couple of pigs, one of each color, and her neighbors consider she does this so that she may enjoy the very questionable powers of witchcraft. No butcher in the neighborhood will buy her pigs, as if he was known to do so he would certainly lose the local custom upon which he relies.

To Be Avoided.

Mrs. De Sour—I want you to keep y— dog out of my house. It will all of fleas.

Mrs. De Smart—Mercy on me! Fido, come here, sir! Don't you know that house again? It's full of fleas—Jewish notes and Queries.

## OLD DUELING RULES.

"MUCH USEFUL ADVICE" FROM AN ANCIENT BOOK.

If the Combatant Dies as a Result of the Encounter, He Is Told to Go Off With as Good Grace as Possible. Irishmen Not Good Seconds.

To Englishmen dueling is happily a lost art, but three-quarters of a century ago dueling was sufficiently in vogue to induce an anonymous writer to publish a book "containing much useful information," ironically dedicated to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., and James Silk Buckingham, Esq., M. P., as "enteraining the opinion first promulgated by the immortal Falstaff of happy memory that discretion is the better part of valor."

The author advises "all my countrymen who go abroad to use the pistol instead of the sword when they have the choice of the weapon, as the balance of killed and wounded is now much in favor of the French, who, upon the termination of the late war, amused themselves by occasionally spitting some half dozen of our traveling young fashionables before breakfast." He recommends "Purdey, in Oxford street, as the maker of the best dueling pistol locks," care in the selection of a stock which fits the hand comfortably and to eschew "saw handles." Barrels should be ten inches long and half rifled, which, considering that throughout his volume he poses as a man of the strictest honor, is puzzling, for he admits that a wholly rifled pistol is considered an unfair weapon, therefore one not appearing to be rifled should be substituted.

On "the chances" he writes. "Many a poor, long armed, straggling fellow has received the coup de (sic) cœur (or fatal stroke) who might still have been in existence had he known how to protect his person in the field," the necessary protection consisting in standing sideways and drawing in the stomach. "Should the party be hit"—presumably because he could not draw in his stomach—"he must not feel alarmed." This seems difficult, as a man with a bullet in his stomach can hardly be expected not to display some little natural anxiety, for, as is admitted later, "a shot in the digestive organs must be particularly annoying to a bon vivant." To aldermen his advice is "the old method of fighting—the back to the adversary and discharging over the shoulder." The chances of a man's being killed are about 14 to 1, and of his being hit about 6 to 1." He arrives at this conclusion by dividing a man's body, when opposed to his adversary into nine parts. Therefore he says, "As in only three of these a wound would prove mortal, the chances are 3 to 1 against his being killed, and 5 to 1 against his being hit—that is, however," he hastens to add, "provided his antagonist has never read my work. If he has, the case may be different!"

The combatant is told "not to allow the idea of becoming a target to make him uneasy, but to treat the matter jocosely." He is to laugh away the evening over a bottle of port and play a rubber of whist, but he must avoid drinking to excess, or taking "any food that tends to create bile," because "bilious objects are not seen either distinctly or correctly." This would rather be a valid reason for getting as bilious as possible. A man with an attack of jaundice should be invisible, and able to blaze at his antagonist in perfect safety. If he cannot sleep on retiring to rest, he is to read Byron's "Childe Harold." His servant is to call him at 5 and give him a strong cup of coffee. Then he is to smoke a cigar, and "on his way to the scene of action" he is to take a brandy and soda, as a most "grateful stimulant and corrective."

No wonder our author recommends him at this point to draw it in his stomach. "If he dies, he is to go off with as good grace as possible!" On the other hand, if he hits his antagonist: he is to take off his hat to him and express regret.

A challenge is not to be in rhyme, such as "a certain poetical, brandy loving major general of marines" wrote to a brother officer who ran off with his wife.

Wounds on the flesh a surgeon's skill may heal, But wounded honor's only cured with steel.

An Irishman is not to be chosen as second, for nine out of ten have such an innate love of fighting they cannot bring an affair to an amicable adjustment, and the first duty of a second is to prevent the affair coming to a serious issue. Other advice is for the second to take care his principal is not inconvenienced by the sun, and to get his antagonist with something dark behind him, when it will be much more easy to hit him.

"Hello, what's up now? There's no game here," said his lordship.

"True, my lord," was the ready reply, "but I forgot to tell you 'ee's as good for fish as 'ee is for game."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Audience Got Angry.

There was a scene of wild excitement during the last week of May, 1892, at the Gaiety, London, and all owing to the singular behavior of a policeman.

Two popular entertainers were on the stage, and one of them asked the audience a little conundrum, "Why is an policeman an utter scoundrel?"

A gentleman in blue who was apparently on duty in the body of the theater at once took offense. He jumped onto the stage and, seizing the offender, attempted to drag him off.

The audience rose in indignation. Men shook their fists and shouted, "What has he done?" One frenzied young lady in the front of the gallery seized a tumbler and would have thrown it at the policeman if her arm had not been arrested.

The policeman then dragged his captive off the stage amid the hisses and shouts of the audience. But anger was speedily changed to laughter when Mr. Policeman reappeared with his victim and stood revealed as one of the Cosmo trio. I never saw an audience so completely taken in.—London Correspondent.

Pigs and Witchcraft.

Two women of the lower class were quarreling violently the other evening in Heavitree, a suburb of Exeter. One yelled to the other: "You wretched, you always keep a black and a white pig, so that you can witch us! You ought to be scragged!" The one so addressed, it seems, has lived in her cottage some 20 years. She has during this period, it is said, always kept a couple of pigs, one of each color, and her neighbors consider she does this so that she may enjoy the very questionable powers of witchcraft. No butcher in the neighborhood will buy her pigs, as if he was known to do so he would certainly lose the local custom upon which he relies.

To Be Avoided.

Mrs. De Sour—I want you to keep y— dog out of my house. It will all of fleas.

Mrs. De Smart—Mercy on me! Fido, come here, sir! Don't you know that house again? It's full of fleas—Jewish notes and Queries.

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